

MARCH 1989

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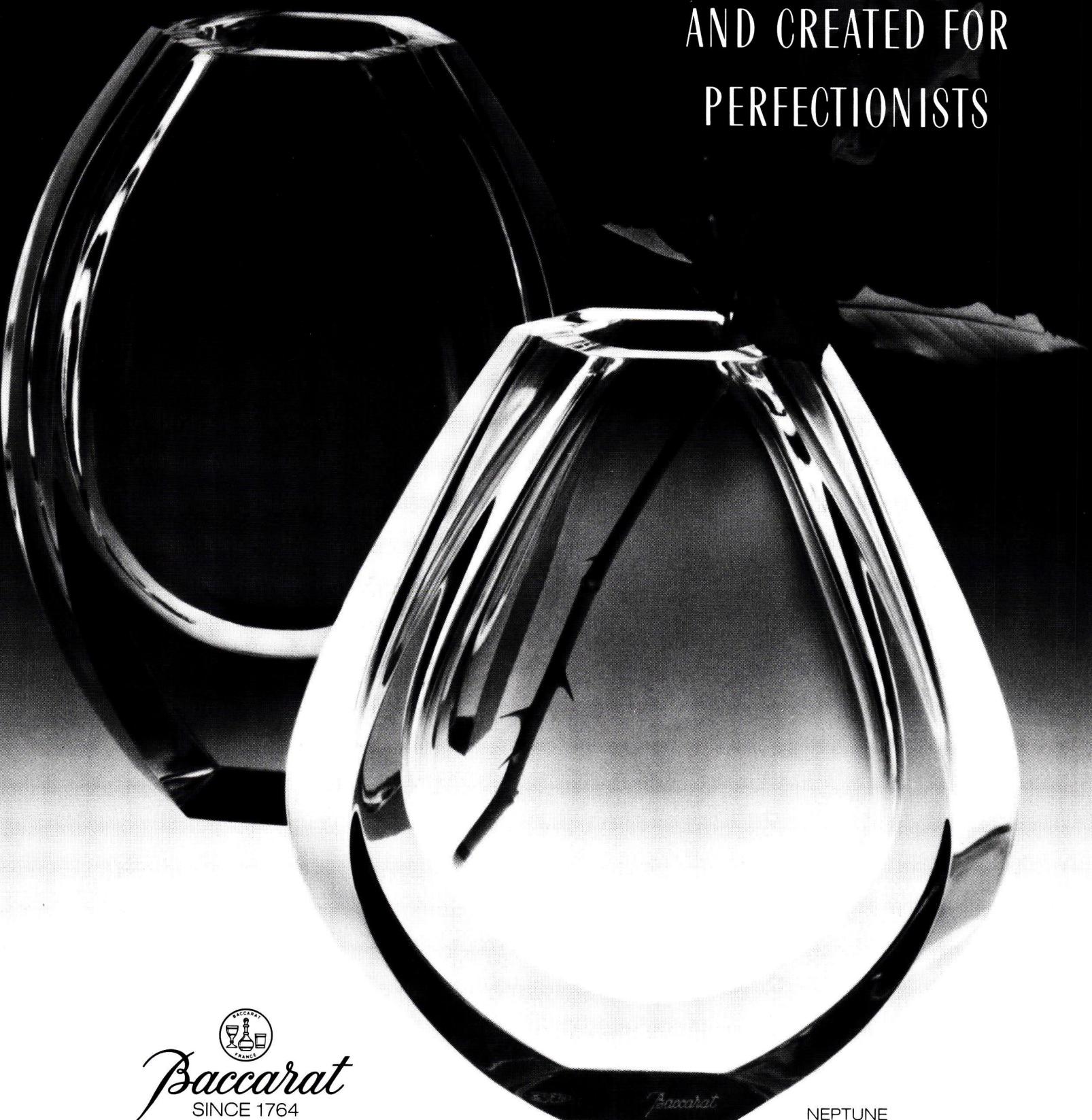


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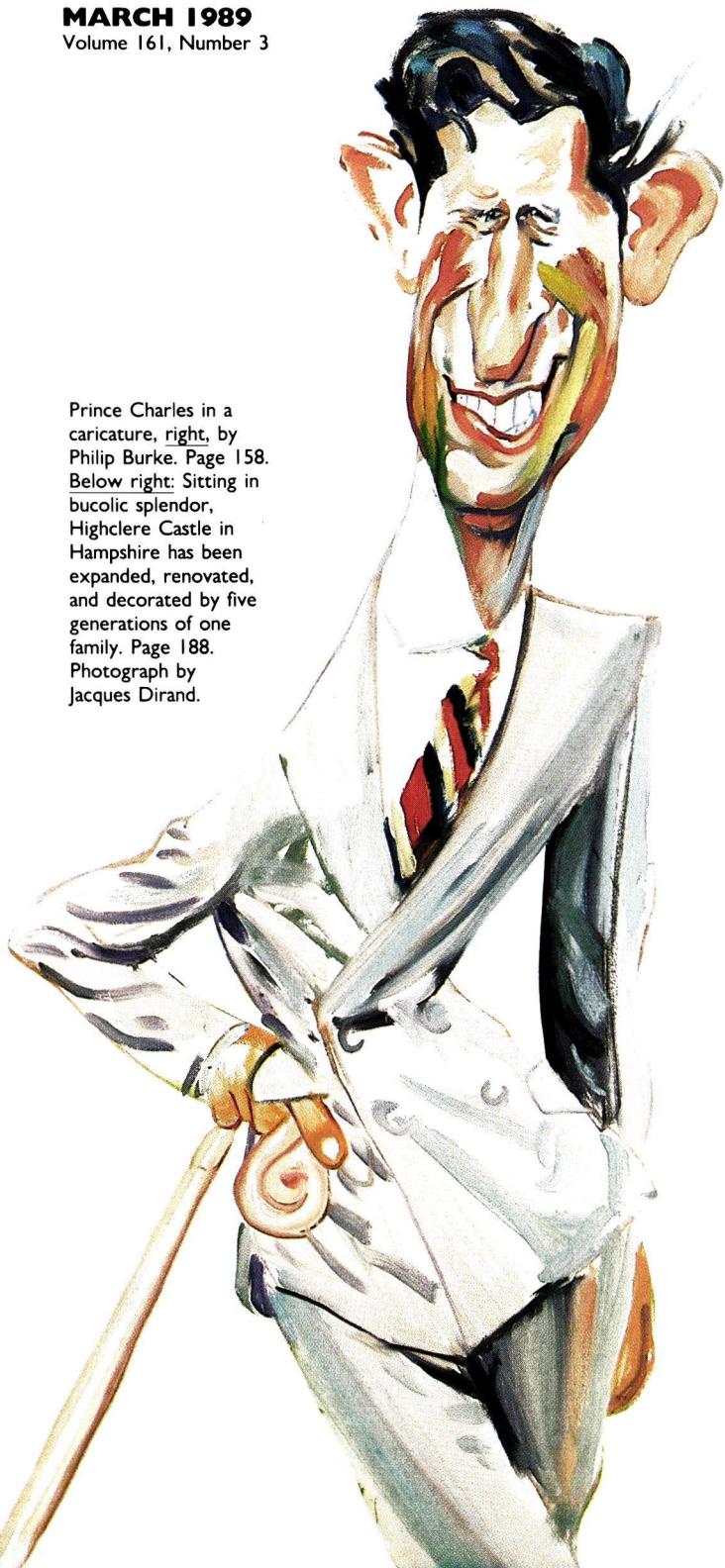


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HOUSE & GARDEN
MARCH 1989

Volume 161, Number 3



Prince Charles in a caricature, right, by Philip Burke. Page 158. Below right: Sitting in bucolic splendor, Highclere Castle in Hampshire has been expanded, renovated, and decorated by five generations of one family. Page 188. Photograph by Jacques Dirand.



COVER English living at its best: decorator to the Duke and Duchess of York, Nina Campbell in her London shop. Page 108. Photograph by Snowdon.

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Italy **Marva Griffin** viale Montello 14, 20154 Milan
Corporate Marketing Director **Eckart L. Güthe**

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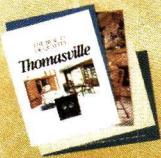


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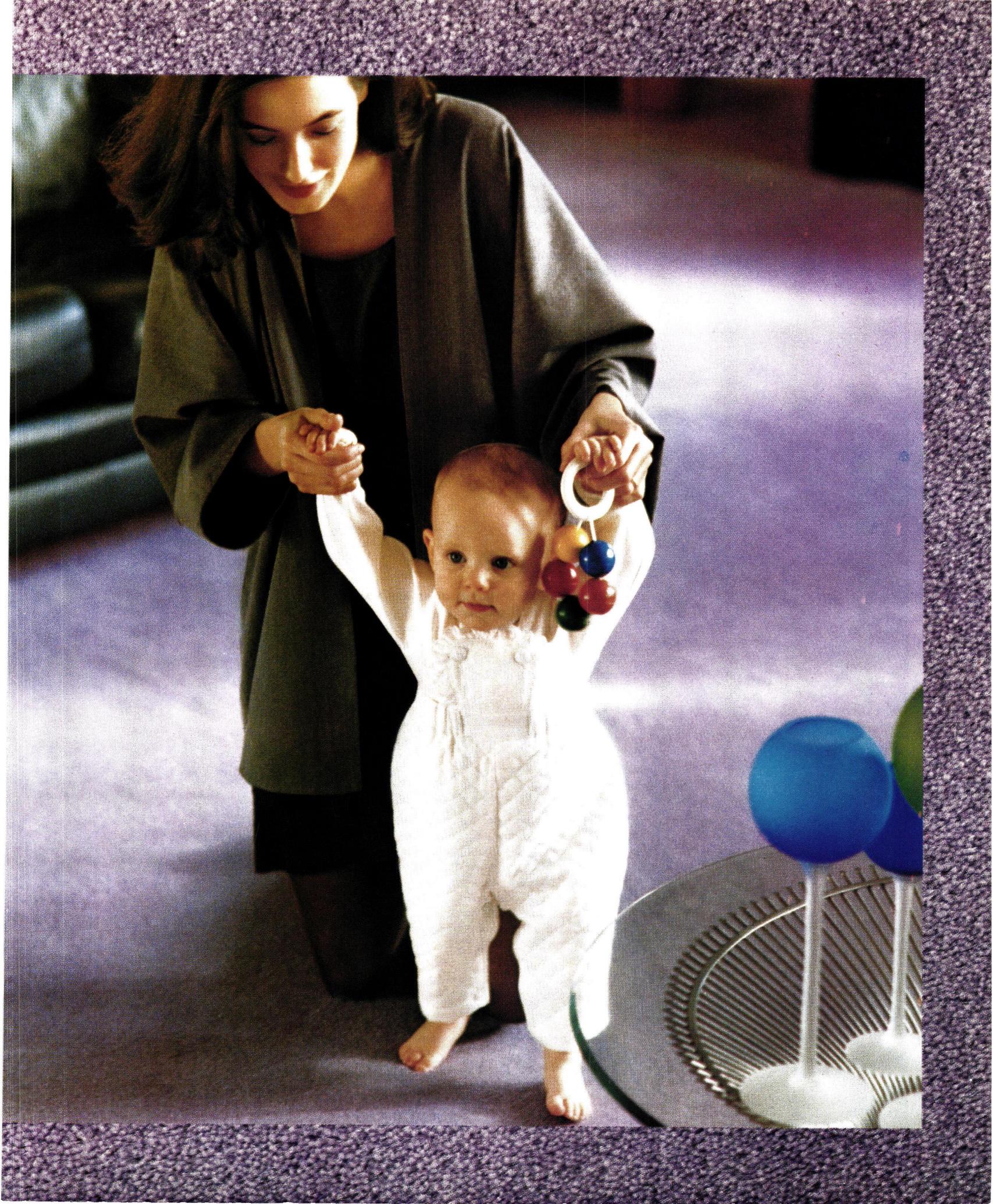
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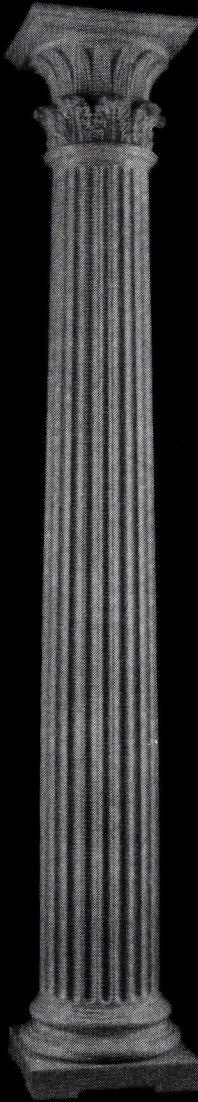
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CONTRIBUTORS NOTES

Emma Marrian, one of HG's contributing editors based in London, keeps her eye out for "things you can't see in America" and brings many of her findings to this all-English issue. Her criteria? "I like a house to look lived in, and, above all, the owner's personality, not the decorator's, should be the dominant factor."



IANTHE RUTHVEN



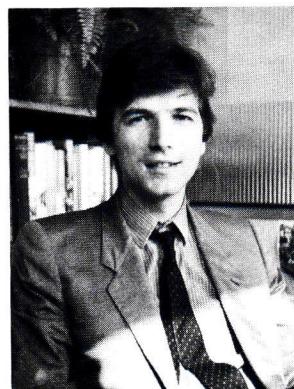
TOM MILLER

Malise Ruthven finds David Minaric "unquestionably the best British decorator around. He pays as much attention to the fabric of a building as to the color scheme." Ruthven's forthcoming book *The Divine Supermarket* (Arbor House/William Morrow) investigates religious cultures in America.



JOE WRINN

Michael Van Valkenburgh and **Carol Doyle Van Valkenburgh** wrote this month's story on Hestercombe, the Edwardian garden masterpiece of Gertrude Jekyll and Edwin Lutyens in Somerset. He is the principal in his own landscape architecture firm in Cambridge, Massachusetts. She is a writer and filmmaker and recently produced the PBS documentary *Wild Women Don't Have the Blues*.



JOHN CATRAMBONE



Clive Aslet compares the unveiling of Highclere to the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb—"a romantic discovery and a stunning example of a 19th-century nobleman's house." As deputy editor of *Country Life*, he writes on English country houses and now turns his pen to those in America in a book to be published next year by Yale University Press. On the bookshelves is his *Quinlan Terry: The Revival of Architecture* (Viking).

Mick Hales grew up in an "odd assortment of landscapes: the arid suburbs of Karachi, Pakistan, the juju jungles of Enugu, Nigeria, and the green Puritan hills of Devon, England. Photography became my escape from the strict life of an English boarding school." This month Hales escapes to the exquisite gardens of Hestercombe. His books include *Antique Flowers* (Villard) and *In the Neoclassic Style* (Thames & Hudson).

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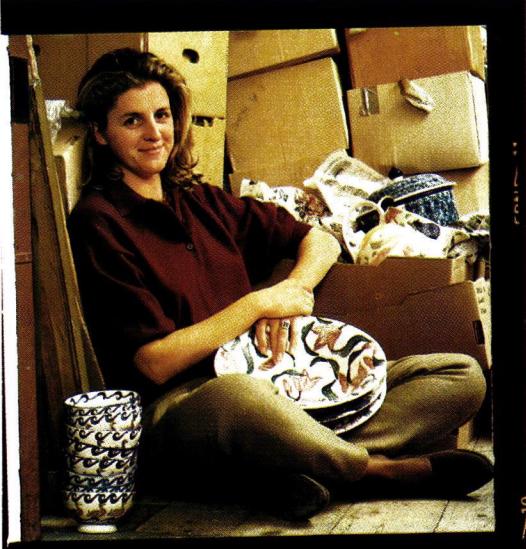
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Frederick Morgan/(English, 1856–1927), *Midday Rest*. Signed I. l.: Fred Morgan/1879. Oil on canvas, $41\frac{1}{2} \times 61\frac{1}{2}$ inches (105.4 \times 156.2 cm).

EXHIBITION: London, Royal Academy of Arts, 1879, no. 111.

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EARTHEN PLEASURES

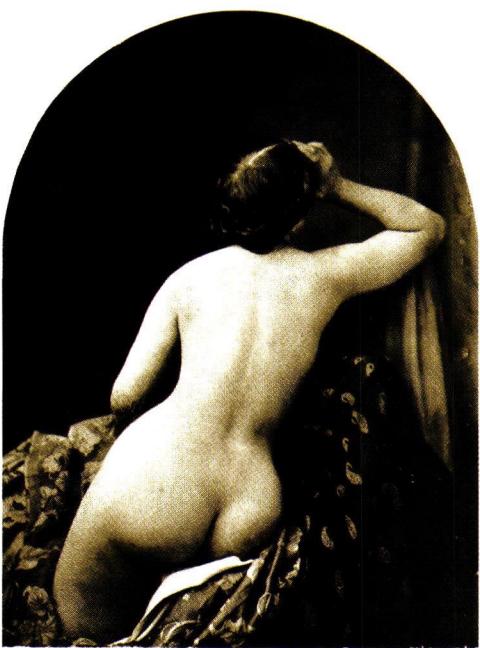
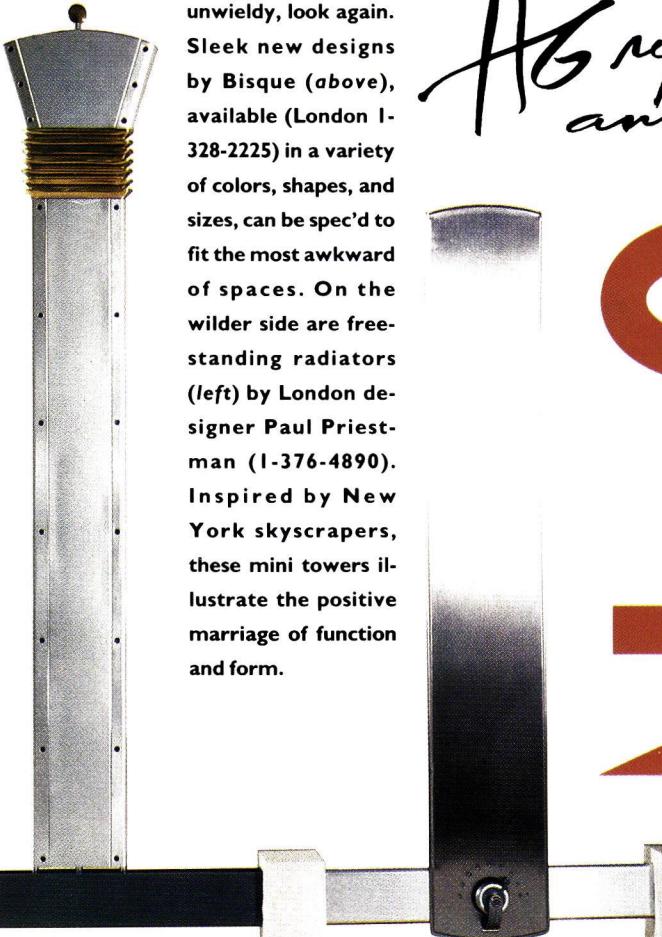
Emma Bridgewater's work (left) revives the feeling inspired by those treasured English earthenwares. Hand-printed pieces seem covered in chintz; stippled ones are fresher than ever. At Macy's, NYC; Garfinckel's, Washington D.C.



Hot and Cool

If you consider radiators mundane and unwieldy, look again. Sleek new designs by Bisque (above), available (London 1-328-2225) in a variety of colors, shapes, and sizes, can be spec'd to fit the most awkward of spaces. On the wilder side are free-standing radiators (left) by London designer Paul Priestman (1-376-4890).

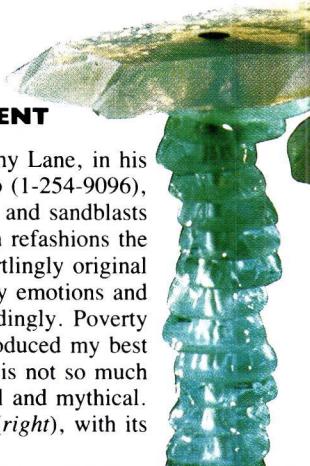
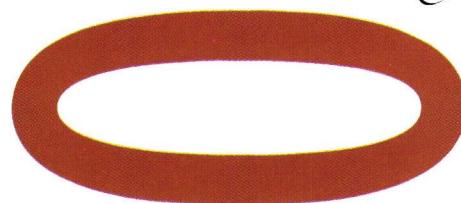
Inspired by New York skyscrapers, these mini towers illustrate the positive marriage of function and form.



VICTORIANS IN FOCUS

"The Formative Decades: Photography in Great Britain, 1839-1920," at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art through March 19, reveals as much about the nature of middle-class British taste as it does about the visions of artists experimenting with the new medium. The insightful travel photographer Francis Frith always kept his prospective buyers in mind when shooting. And the popularity of Oscar Gustave Rejlander's nudes (above) lays bare the true interests of stuffy Victorians.

*HG report on the new
and the noteworthy*

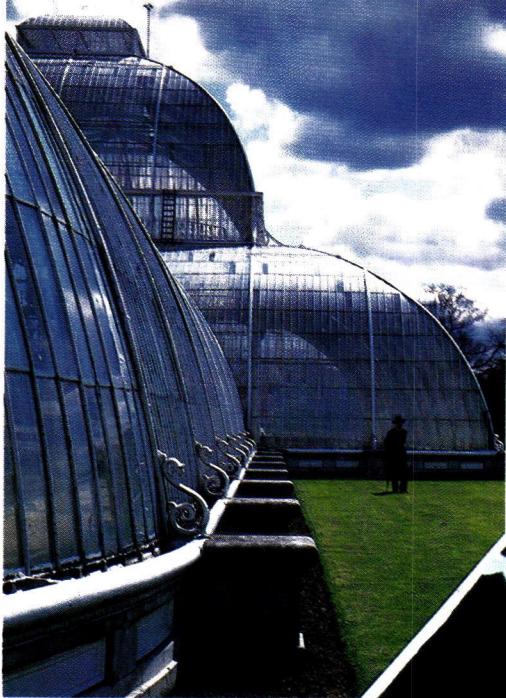
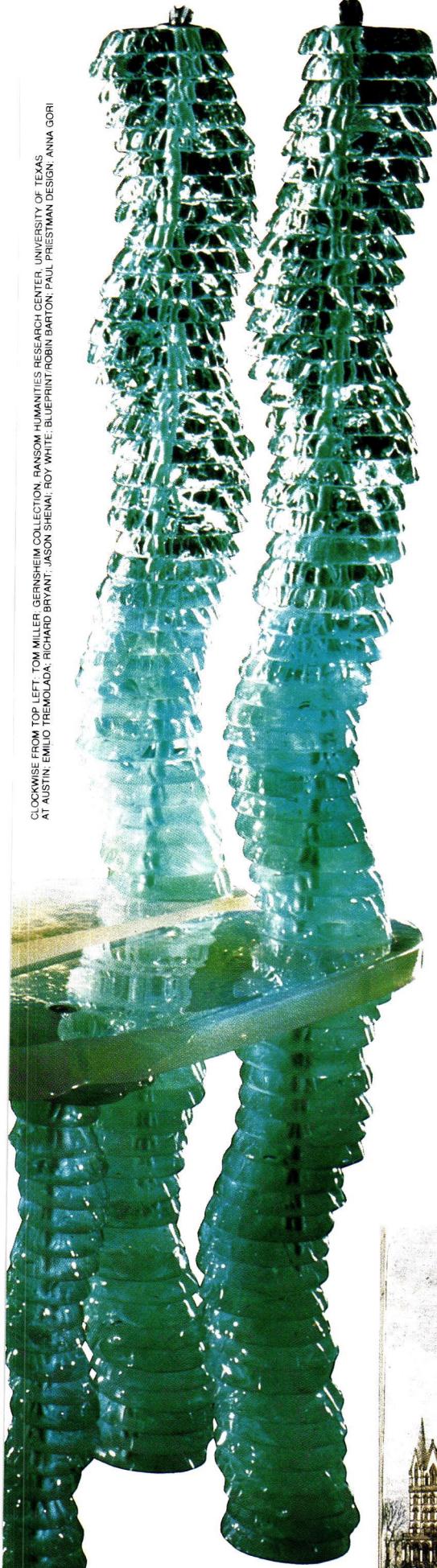


SHATTERING TALENT

Illinois-born artist Danny Lane, in his London workshop (1-254-9096), breaks, scratches, and sandblasts sheets of glass and then refashions the pieces into startlingly original furniture. "I live by my emotions and make decisions accordingly. Poverty and deadlines have produced my best work." Lane's output is not so much functional as fantastical and mythical.

Solomon Chair (right), with its wobbling twin towers of circular glass skewered by metal rods, succeeds as a seat and as a sculpture (£4,000). The uneven edges and undulating elements used in his furniture crackle with exploded energy and grace.



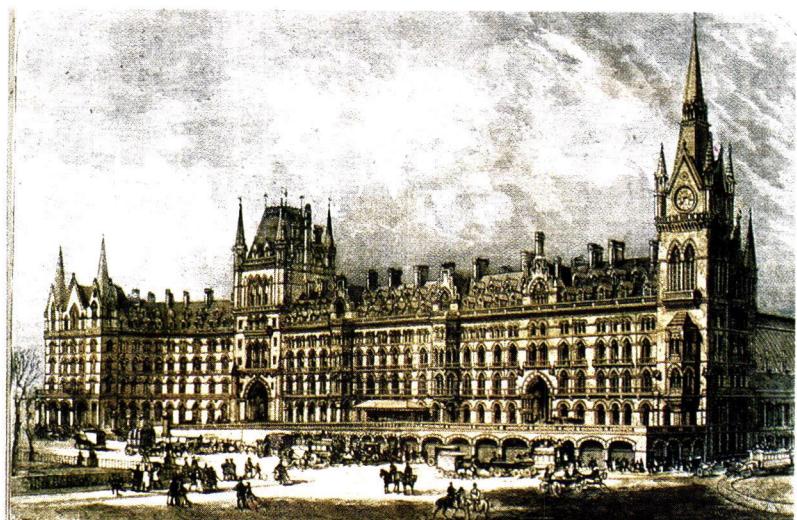


K E W U P

London's gem of Victorian high-tech design, the Palm House in Kew Gardens (left), has recently been spiffed up for the 21st century. A three-year overhaul completed last fall included the installation of 16,000 new panes of glass and the replacement of ten miles of corroded wrought-iron glazing bars with ones of stainless steel. At present, botanists are busy restocking tropical trees. Visitors can expect a full-blooming jungle by the summer of 1990.

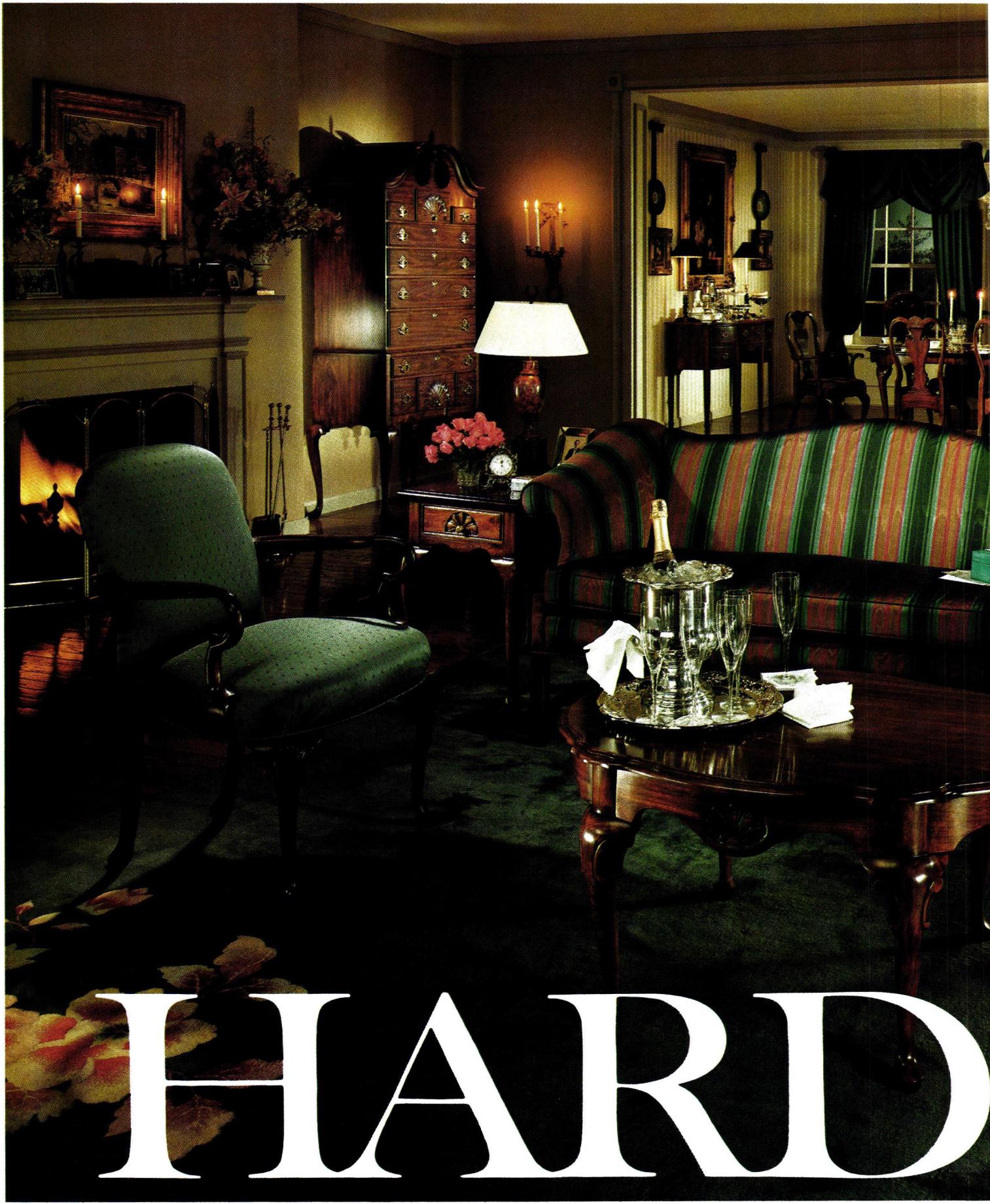
HAPPY FEET

Paul Wearing's one-of-a-kind carpets (right) defy their two-dimensional limitations with a textured richness that induces even the most inhibited individual to discard his shoes in favor of walking barefoot through the fibers. What else keeps this talented textile designer busy? Everything from animation projects to building facades. Rugs to order at Paul Wearing, The Bureaux, 65 Farringdon Road, London EC1.



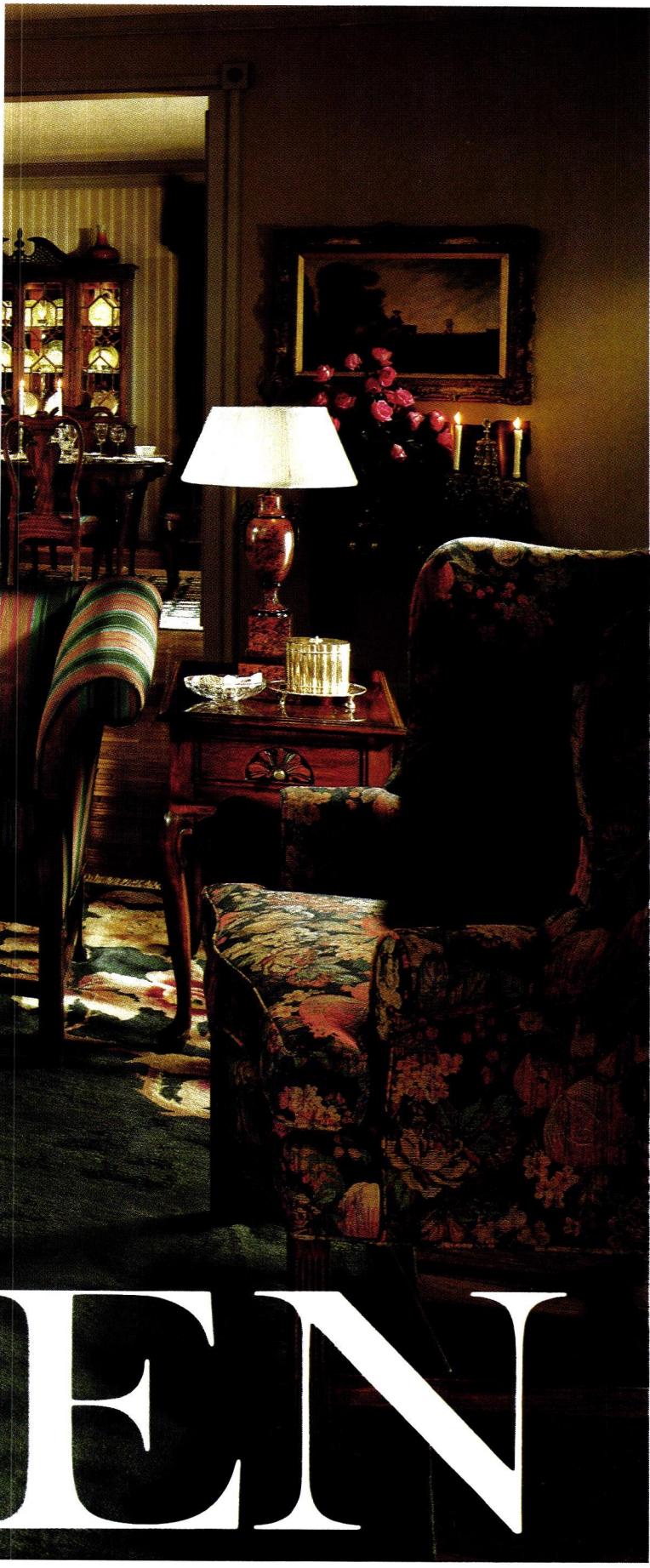
Great Scott

Neo-Gothic is back. Witness the plans to restore the once-glorious St. Pancras Chambers (left), designed by Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1873, to its Victorian splendor when it was home to the Grand Midland Hotel. In the works are a 127-bedroom hotel, private-serviced flats, a street-level specialty shopping center, and even an American-style fitness club.



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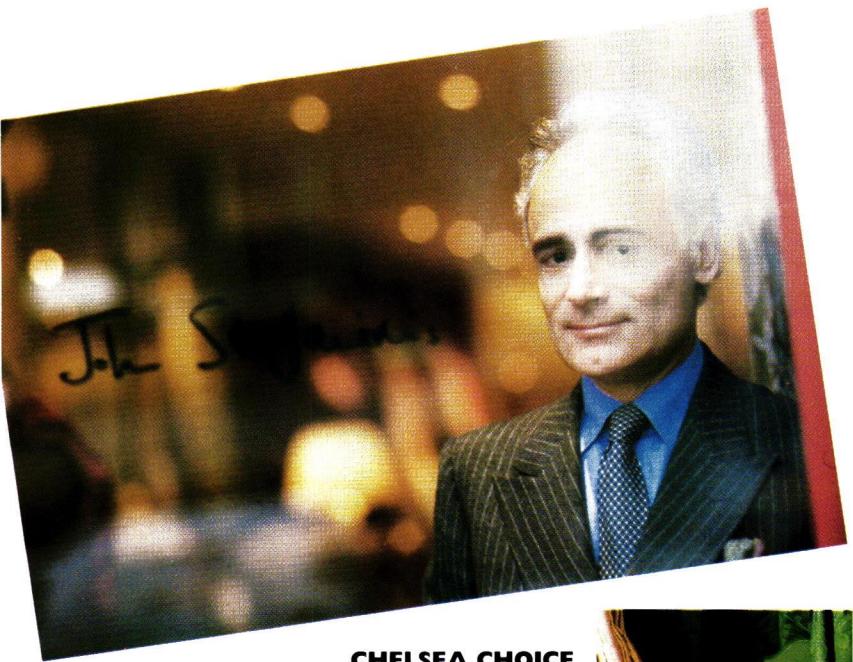
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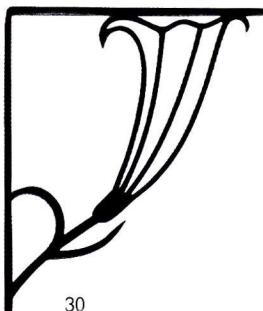
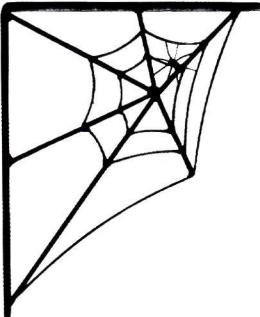
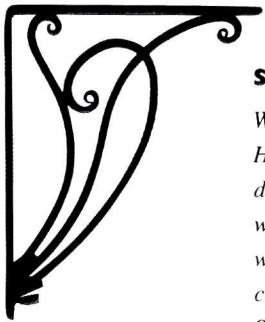


CHELSEA CHOICE

John Stefanidis's new shop on Fulham Road (1-352-3537), stocked with his fabrics, wallpapers, furniture, and accessories (right), is the showcase of a designer with an eclectic eye. A window display of Italian silks and rolls of wallpaper has the deceptively natural stamp of Stefanidis (above). Old blends with new, simplicity with luxury, and everything is extraordinary.

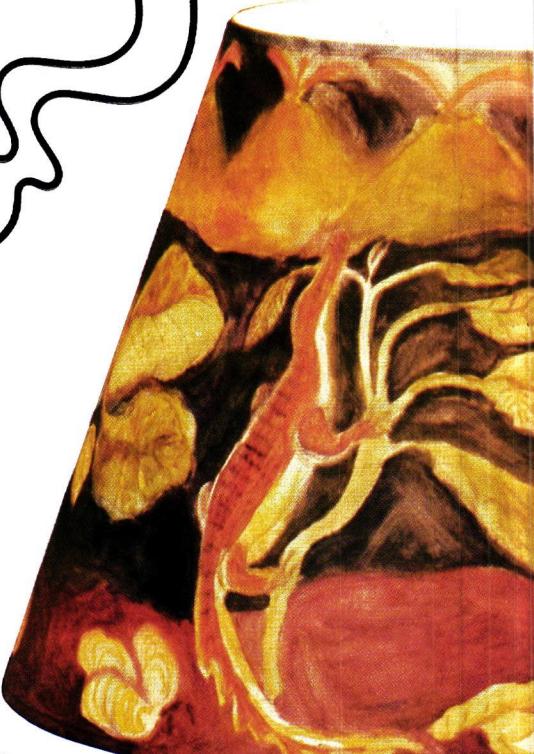
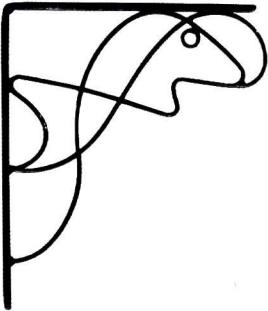
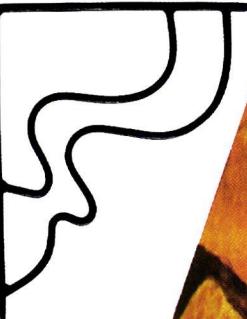
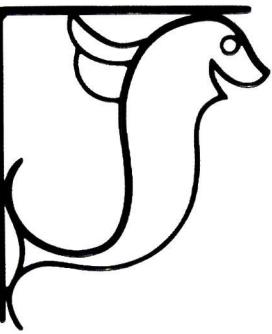


NOTES



FORGING FORWARD

Playful shapes, from smiling dolphins to spooky spiderwebs, lend new support to shelves. Wrought-iron brackets (below) were designed by the blacksmith-artist team of Richard and Patricia List, who sought to "get away from the boring double-scroll motif." Price: £18-£40. To order, call Godington Forge in Bicester, Oxfordshire, at 86-97423.

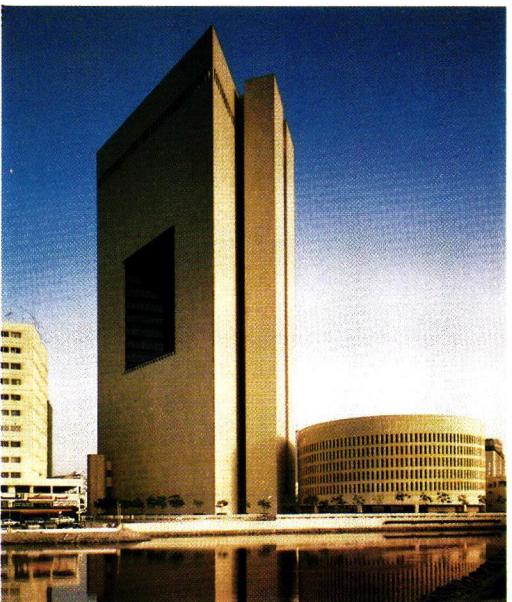


SHADY LADY

When painter and printmaker Helen Napper was asked by a friend if she could do something to spruce up an antique lamp, Napper's solution was to do what came naturally—paint the shade. So successful was the outcome (right) that she's had a steady stream of commissions ever since. Sold in pairs exclusively through the Sue Rankin Gallery on London's Fulham Road (1-736-4120), these colorful light fixtures are priced £300-£800.

International Stylist

In buildings such as Lever House and the National Commercial Bank in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia (left), Gordon Bunshaft set the standard for postwar corporate architecture, reports Carol Krinsky in her new book on the Skidmore, Owings & Merrill partner (Architectural History Foundation, \$50).





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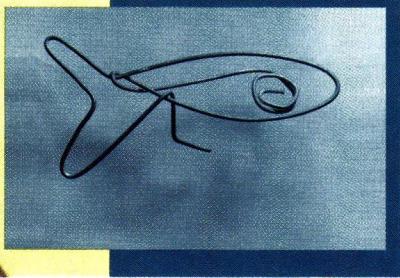
Calvin Klein
PERFUME



INSPIRATIONS Neville Brody

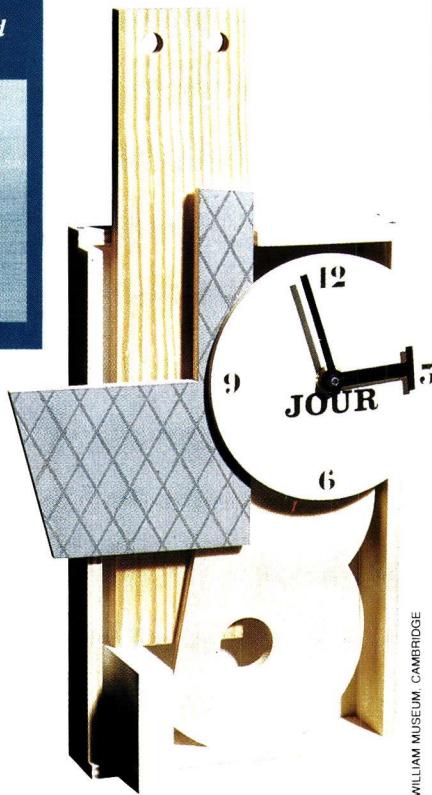
Graphic Designer

"A group of designers and I were tossing around ideas for the interior of a London shop called New. I started bending a length of steel wire, others added their own twists, and we ended up with a fish that inspired our scheme. What I like is that it grew organically. This simple impractical thing integrates graphic art, sculpture, and interior design. It's a symbol of freedom and anti-specialization."



OUT OF TIME

Time waxes surreal in the hands of London designers Daniel Weil and Gerard Taylor (1-247-5628). The Jour clock (below) is part of their Living Room collection introduced at the 1988 Milan furniture fair. A more recent project is the shop they designed for French Connection.



NOTES

Magical Masterpiece Tour

Many consider it the best small museum in Europe, and yet few Americans make the trip to Cambridge to see it. This month the mountain comes to Mohammed when "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum," including an enchanting Elizabethan miniature (below), begins a nationwide tour at the National Gallery in Washington.

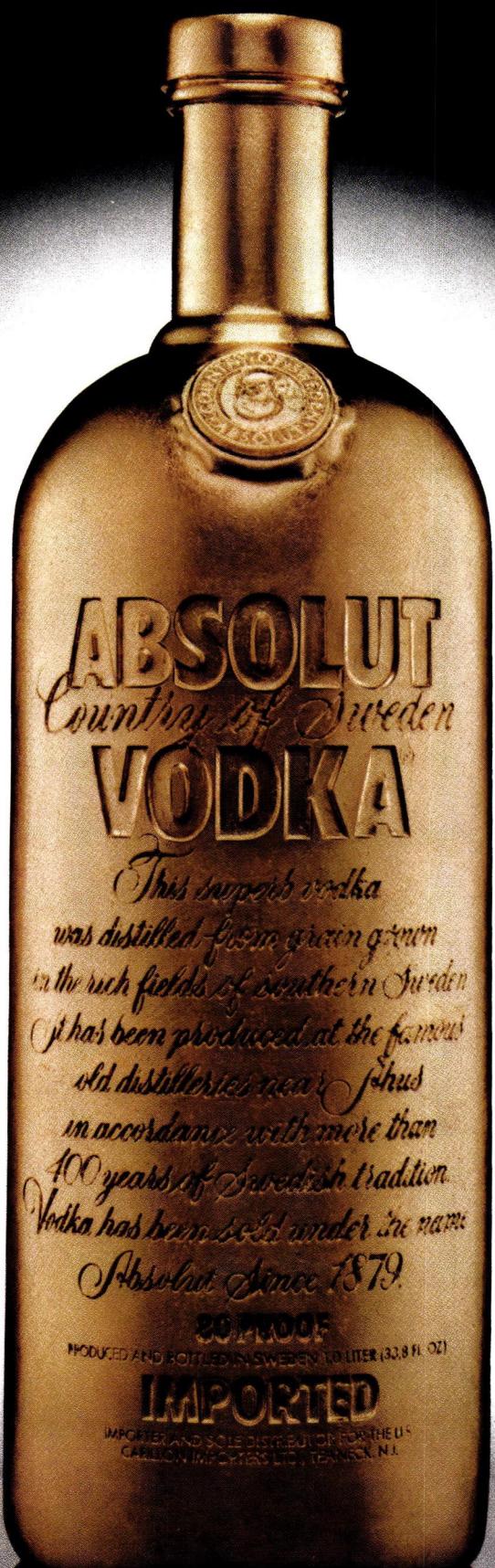


COASTAL SURVEY

With a permanent collection of 17th- and 18th-century English and Irish furniture, paintings, and objets d'art, the Decorative Arts Study Center under director Gep Durenberger debuts in San Juan Capistrano. The inaugural show, through May 6, is "California Style: Collectors and Collections." Previews included a dining room with Frank Gehry's cardboard table and chairs (below).



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: CHRIS BARNHAM (2); RICHARD DAVIES; LANCE GORDON; COURTESY FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE



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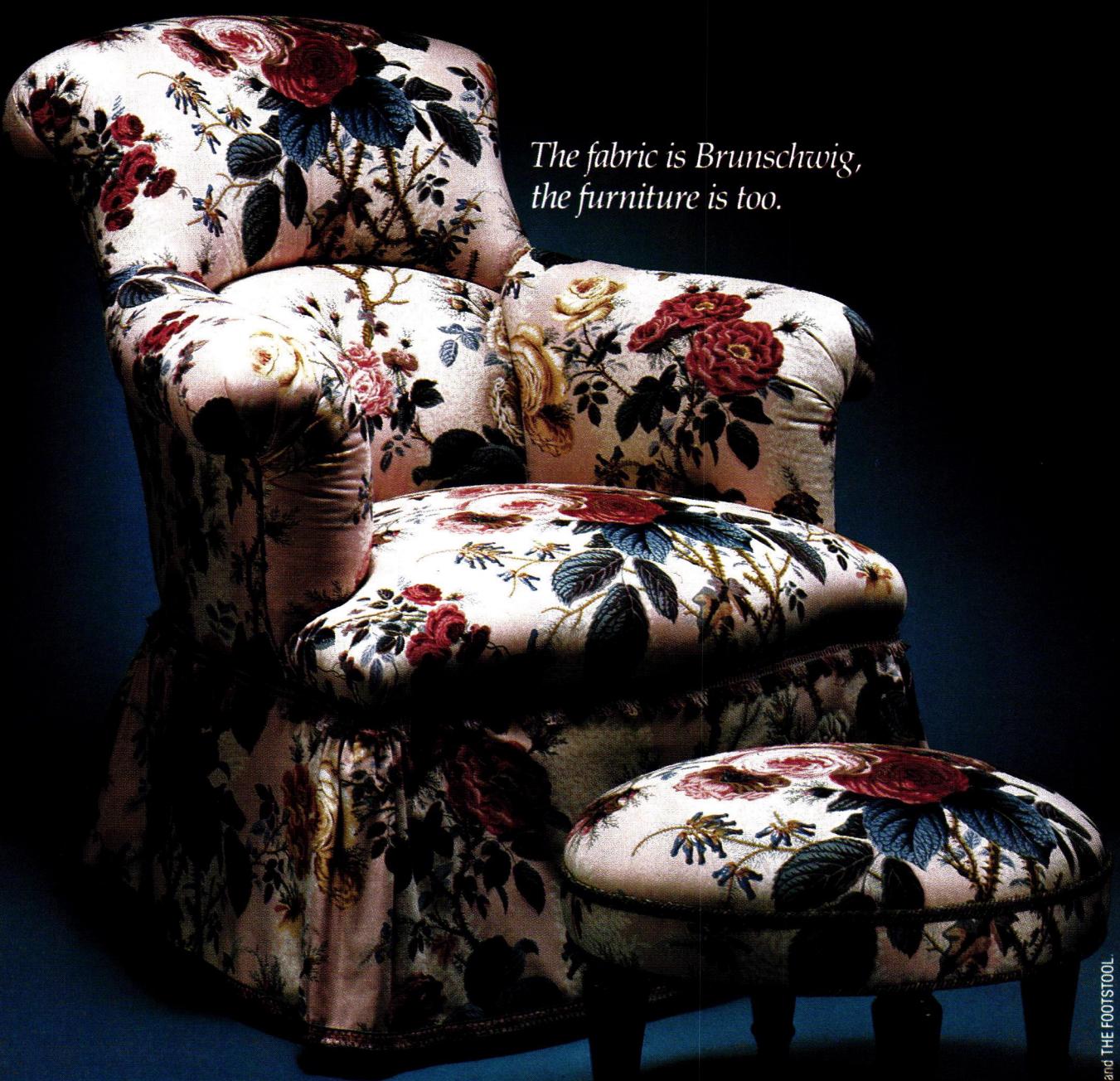


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PEOPLE

The Decorative Dandy

Design historian Stephen Calloway makes an art of English eccentricity

By RHODA KOENIG



S

tephen Calloway spends much of his time thinking about British taste, but he doesn't think much of it. "Most British taste is terribly reticent. We like polite antiques, a lot of uninteresting mid eighteenth century mahogany—English brown—that's a little too small for the room." Calloway recalls that, after the war, "everything was porridge. Now 95 percent of homes must be magnolia"—the modern euphemism of the garden-obsessed English for off-white. The garden, he adds, often displays greater taste than the English house; frequently the only household objects the owner cares about are the green Wellington boots moldering in the hallway. Too many houses are decorated in what the English themselves call "ghastly good taste"—matching three-piece suites in peach or powder blue imprisoning an undernourished coffee table.

There is, however, a powerful, if minority, tradition running parallel with the anemic one of good taste. That is the theatrical or eccentric style, one that Calloway—author of the recently published and highly praised *Twentieth-Century Decoration* (Rizzoli) and a curator of paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum—and his wife, Oriel Harwood, a ceramicist, exemplify to the hilt. Their Georgian home in the Walworth district of London is named Otranto House, preparing the visitor for the highly Gothic ambience within. The dining room's dark gray taffeta walls are hung with mezzotints in dark elaborate frames. Its fireplace, a writhing baroque fantasy created by Oriel, is topped by masks and pictures recalling the danger and

splendor of Venice—long a retreat for the bohemian English. In the sitting area two seventeenth-century curio cabinets are flanked by a pair of grotesque high-back chairs. The library is in a rudimentary stage, but it is being fitted out with proper Gothic bookcases. The Calloways' pet, a black Shih Tzu named Wee Pu, seems too fluffy and affectionate to be in period, but, Oriel insists, "this little dog is in excellent taste."

Eccentric taste is most simply defined by Calloway as "people living with things you wouldn't want to live with." It has an element of obsession, of fierce whimsy. "I think whimsy has to be fought for. Horace Walpole had a word for it—he called it *fribbling*, the art of taking serious things lightly and light things seriously."

Edward James and the Sitwells are twentieth-century heroes of the eccentric to Calloway, as was the owner of the extraordinary



ungaro
solo donna

NOTES

Snowhill Manor in Gloucestershire in which one room alone contained a hundred or so antique wheeled vehicles. Though Oriel says that she thinks people so fixated on objects probably can't cope with other people, she also thinks the eccentric tradition can embrace revelers as well as scholarly recluses. "The cartoonist Osbert Lancaster," recalls Calloway, "said that all the bright young things of his time saw the decoration of every room as a setting for a party." And the dilettante writer William Beckford was a great Gothic host: "While he was building Fonthill Abbey at the beginning of the nineteenth century, he held a party when the house was far from complete. In the unadorned octagon hall he set out his treasures. Lights were placed in the trees, and guests were welcomed indoors by hooded figures carrying torches."

Calloway feels that openhanded expenditure certainly helps in the exercise of good taste, but it isn't a necessity and can often be a hindrance. "People who are not rich have to be inventive." He believes they should make their own taste manifest by commissioning furniture rather than simply shopping for it, an increasingly popular alternative during the present renaissance in British design. Although he has never bought a piece of new furniture in his life, he advocates that one should "mix the best of the old and the best of the new. You can't fossilize the past, but you can play with it. The past is a dressing-up box." Also, interesting colors cost no more than dull ones. "I love lilac, green, and yellow—that combination

makes a lot of people reach for the sick bag, but it is based on a complex color harmony." The Calloways agree to disagree on what is tasteful in colors. "Stephen doesn't think orange is in good taste," Oriel says, a little sadly, looking at an exuberant cornucopia she made before they met. "I've decided to think of it as gold," he says generously.

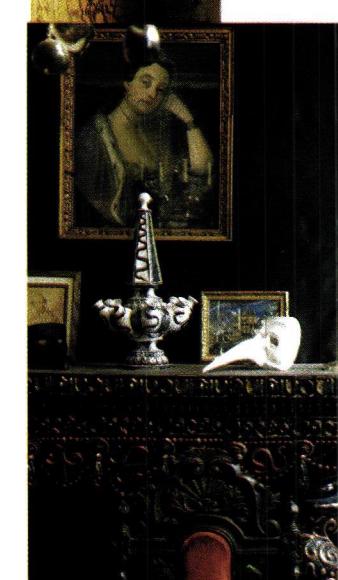
Even though Calloway doesn't have a high opinion of English taste at this moment, he believes that it's always in flux. "Taste was really good in the 1890s. From 1910 to 1919 it was very bad." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, he says, the man of the house was pleased to oversee the decoration of his home and to purchase artistic objects for it, but in the mid nineteenth century a certain ruggedness set in. "Today there's a huge contingent of English men frightened to ad-

mit anything is beautiful. They might admit a car can be well styled." The excessively feminine, or sentimental, approach to beauty has its dangers, too, Stephen Calloway feels: the attitude, "What do you mean it's ugly?—it belonged to Great-Aunt Matilda."

One force for good has been magazines: "They have raised the consciousness of what decoration can be—an art form, an expressive form." Sir Terence



Flea market finds, above; neo-Baroque ceramic mantel, right, by Calloway's wife, Oriel; and Victorian bust in tricorn hat, top.



*"I think whimsy
has to be fought for"*

Conran also helped by "making available a good range of consumer goods at affordable prices on the theory that good design costs no more than bad. But as his regular customers become more affluent, he is running into an uneasy compromise between the simple things he started with and grander things with period pretensions."

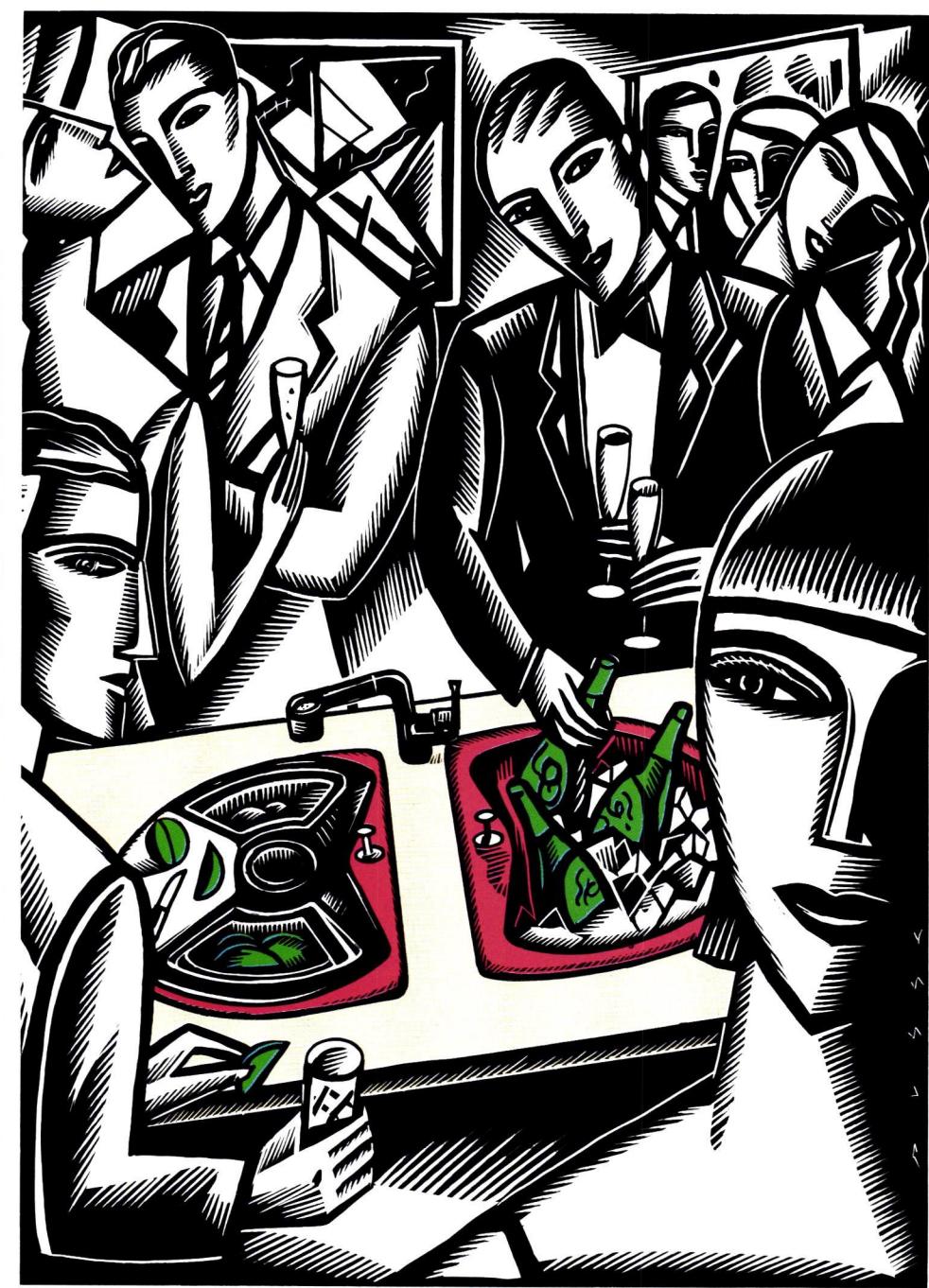
Both Oriel and Stephen are vehement that visual literacy should be taught in the schools. They can think of no better beginner's text than William Morris's famous dictum, "Have nothing in your houses that you do not know to be useful, or believe to be beautiful." "It should be chanted every morning," says Stephen. "It should be hung over people's doors. You could do it in poker work." "Perhaps," says Oriel hopefully, "it could be branded on them." ♣

As I See It #2 in a series

Anthony Russo

'RSVP'

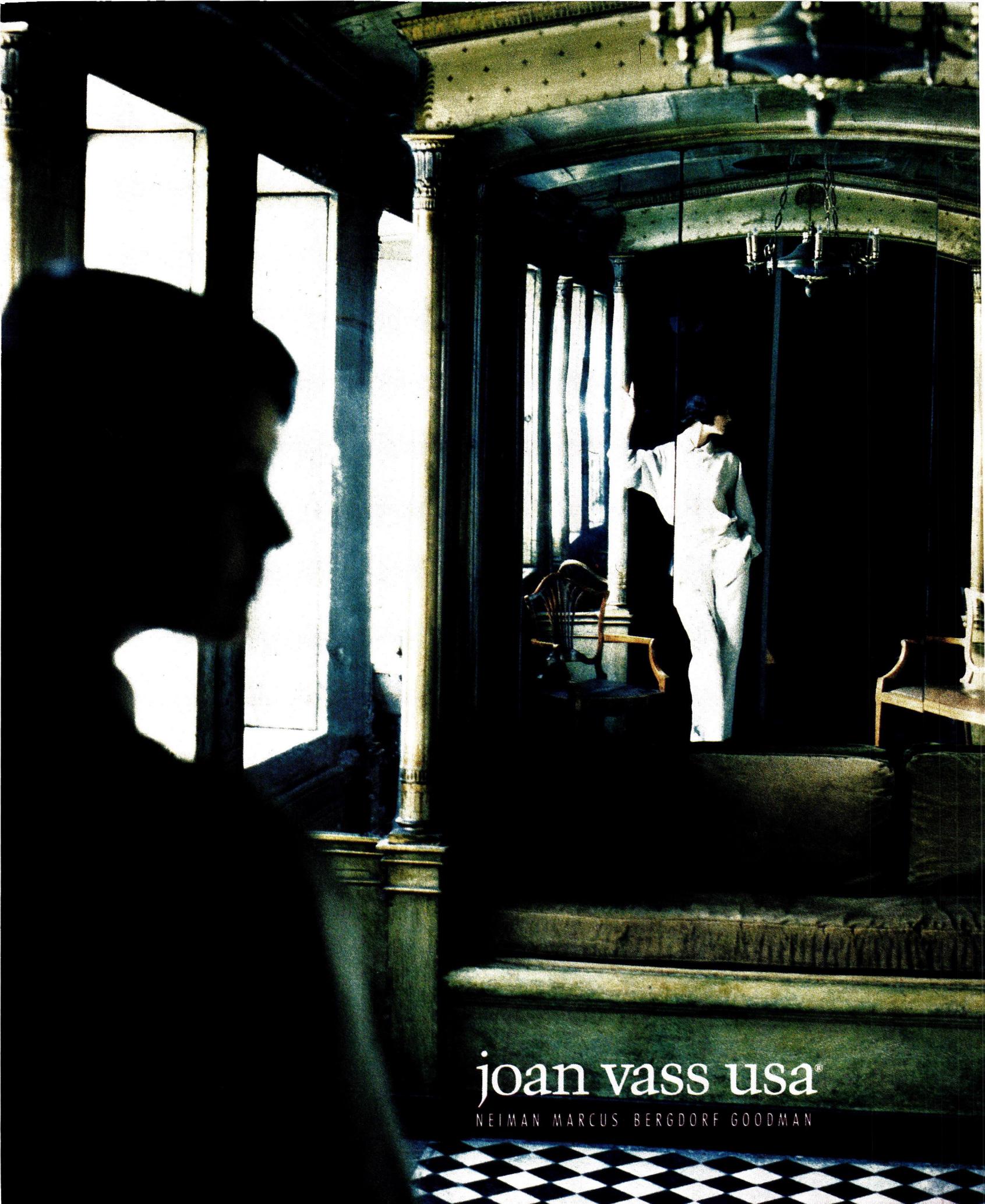
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The advantages of prescience in the furniture business, which has become much more fashion-conscious of late, should not be underestimated. Nor should Sheridan Coakley, because he has it. Last fall at the Salone del Mobile in Milan, a major clot in the flow of furniture groupies formed at booth D17. At the hub of the crowd were Nigel Coates, Matthew Hilton, and Jasper Morrison—architect and designers, respectively—and their wares. Backing up the rising stars was Coakley, who should have received at least a small percentage of the massive attention for his accomplishments as talent scout. Although he more or less fell into the business, his eye for spotting the best in design has been dead-on, starting with his recognition a decade ago of the classic chrome furniture made by Britain's own Pel company in the 1930s: "I had a shop in the Portobello Road market dealing in original twentieth-century furniture, specializing in the Modernist period. As it became harder to find pieces in good condition, it occurred to me to investigate reproducing Pel furniture. Eight years ago I took the idea to Pel's chairman, who thought I was a bit of a nut case. I went ahead anyway." So did Pel, six years later.

Coakley's winning ways with reproductions—in addition to his Pel line, he is the UK distributor for the Alivar reeditions of classics by Mies van der Rohe, Le Corbusier, Mackintosh, and others—forecast his success with contemporary furniture. In 1985 his eye struck again: his shop, SCP Limited, was the first in England to exhibit the designs of Philippe Starck. "Carrying Starck was a watershed for SCP. I stopped trading in collectibles and by late 1985 was working with Jasper and Matthew on new designs that were launched at the Salone in autumn 1986."

Coakley's triumvirate shares no common look—"Jasper is traditional with a minimalist approach, Matthew's work is organic, and Nigel's has been described as neo-Baroque." But their aim is allied with the man who brought them together—to move beyond one-off pieces, to produce furniture with a "commitment to both classic quality and the best of current design." The man with the eye has a way with words, too. "These three are not 1987 or '88 designers; they are true good designers. There is a longevity to their style."

Heather Smith MacIsaac



Nigel Coates



Jasper Morrison



Matthew Hilton



SCP's three contemporary furniture designers produce work—neither one-off nor mass-produced—that demonstrates a taste shared with Coakley, above left, for an eclectic yet cohesive modern style.

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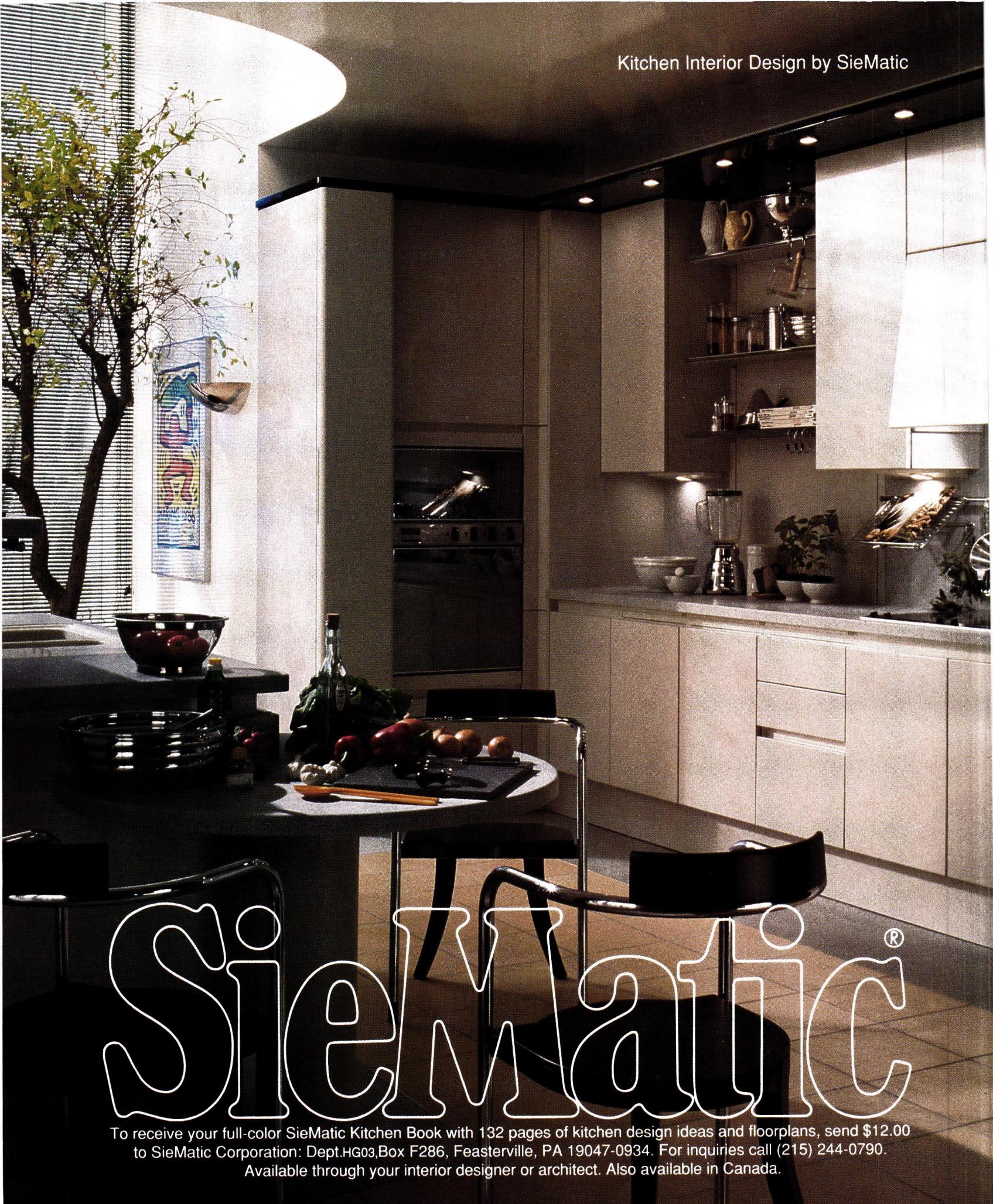


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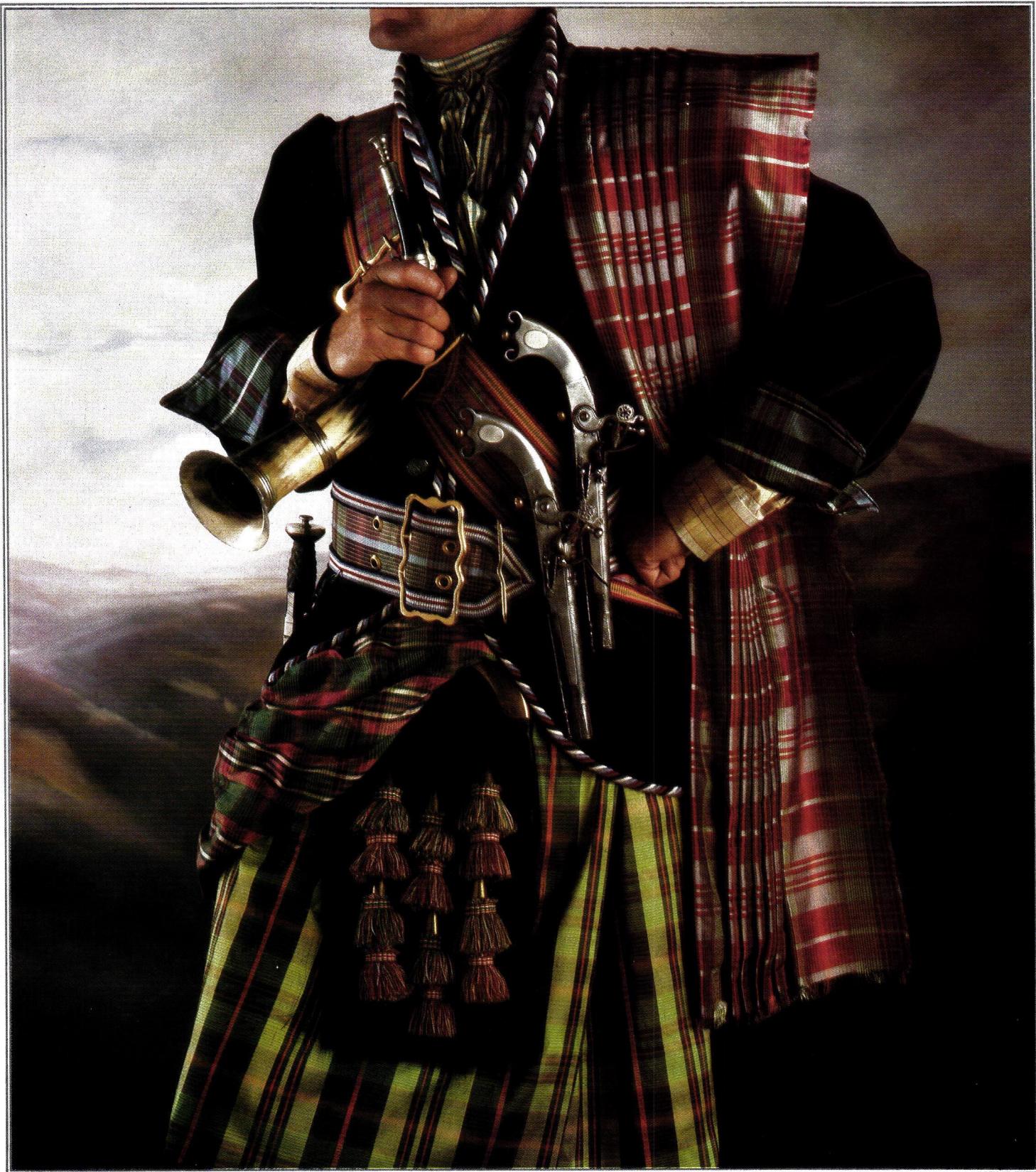


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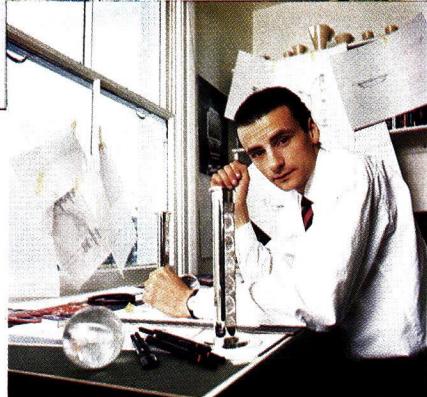
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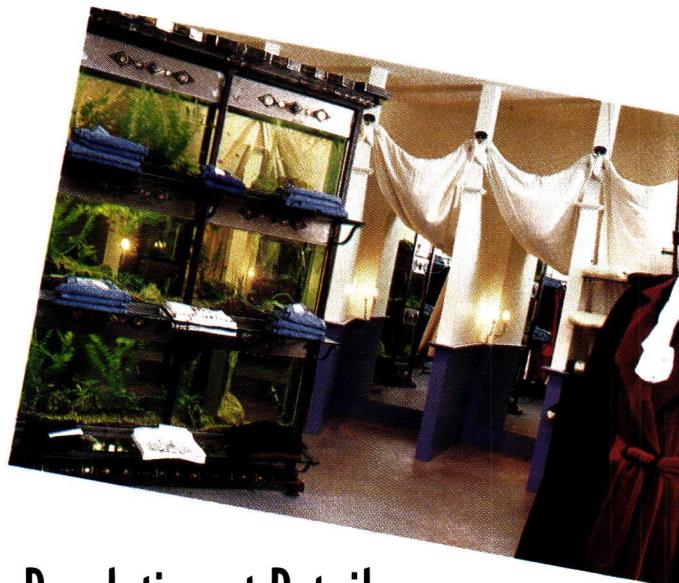
Bijoux à la Table



London artist Paul Belvoir makes the most of silver's malleability

If the dinner conversation gets dull, one could always play with the silverware," says 25-year-old Paul Belvoir (top) about the cutlery he designs. He combines silver—unexpectedly—with quartz marbles, and even the most well-mannered diner might be tempted to give the spoon a roll. His candlesticks, flatware, serving dishes, trays, even desk clocks are entirely handmade, unmistakably modern—and have already been included in twentieth-century auctions at Sotheby's and Christie's. It was said of Jean Puiforcat that he "specialized in costly simplicity." The same words describe the new Belvoir collection.

Christina Hopkins



Revolution at Retail

Katharine Hamnett and Nigel Coates, enfants more visibles than terribles of fashion and design, have broken the increasingly haute tone of Sloane Street with a new shop for her by him. With fish tanks and padded curtains, Coates has perhaps out-Beatoned Cecil himself. Over in Covent Garden, Ron Arad continues to give new meaning to the cutting edge with the third edition of his shop, One Off, and his latest range of furniture, Volumes. **H.S.M.**

Ron Arad, the Merlin of metalwork, right, and his new shop, One Off, below, hidden away on Shelton Street.



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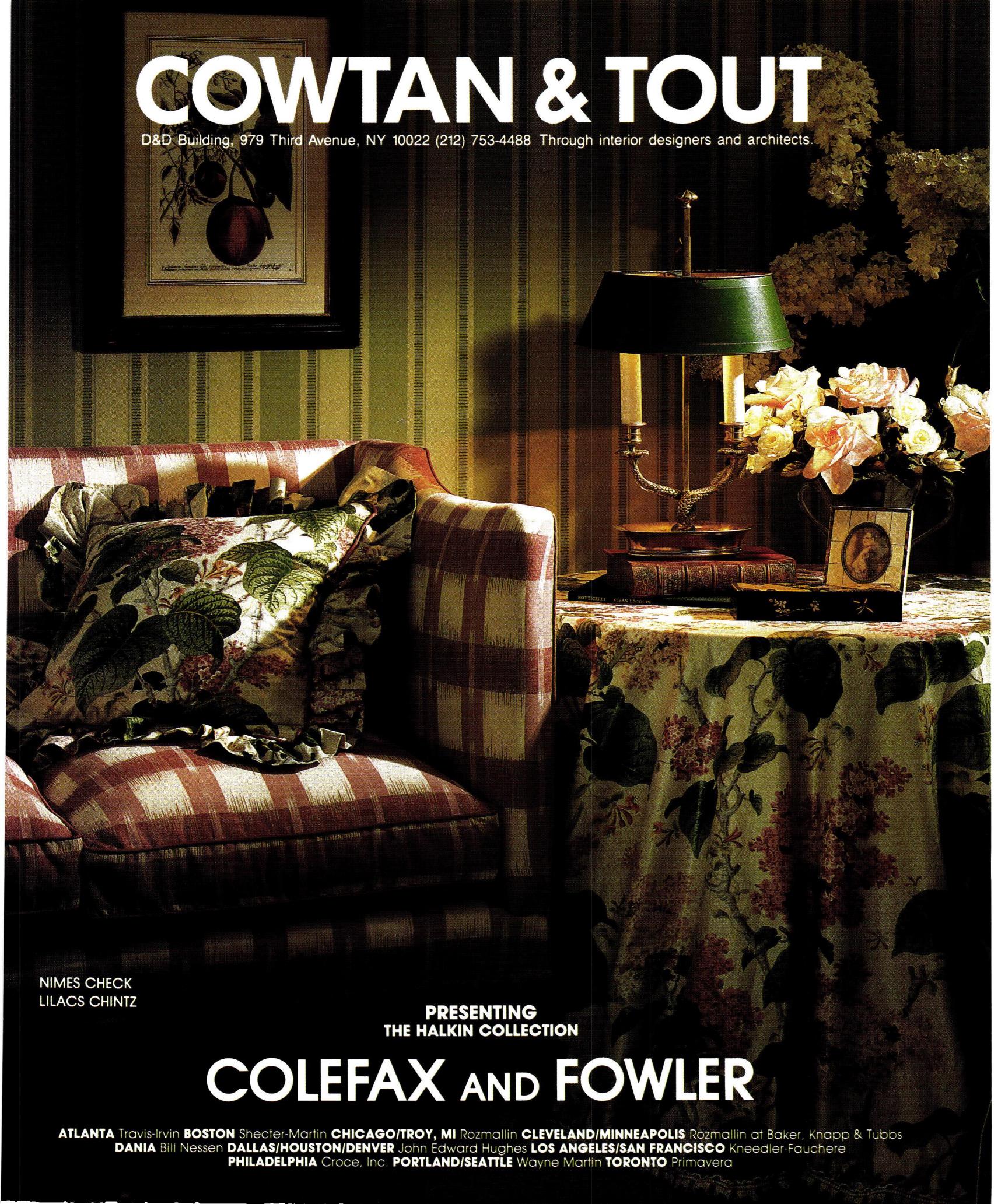
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ARCHITECTURE

The Worst of Thames

Life in London's trendy Docklands is far from an urban utopia, reports DEYAN SUDJIC

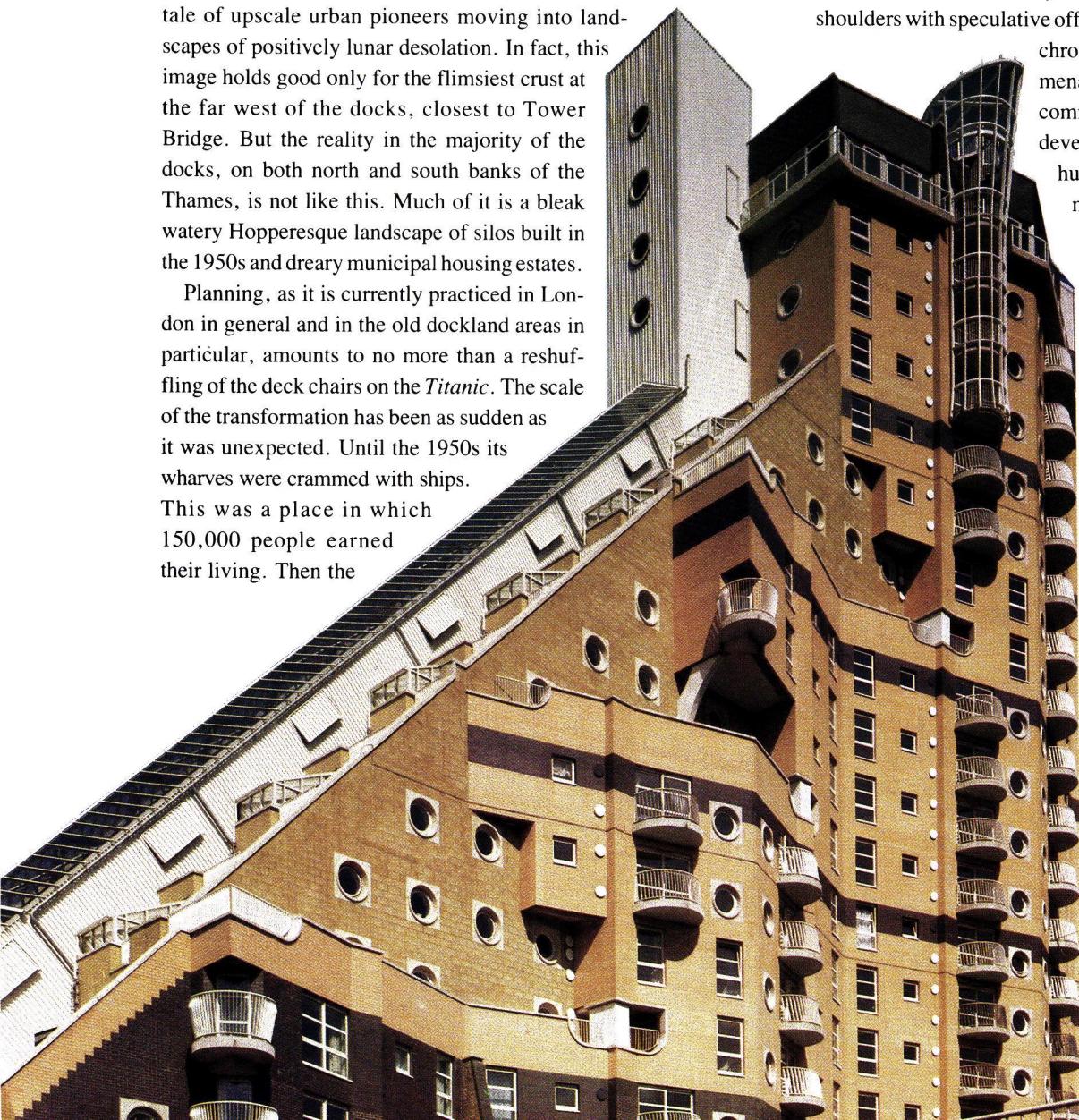
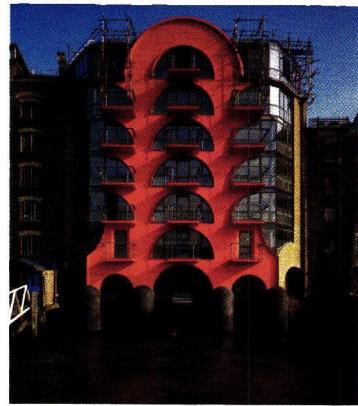
The idea the outside world has of London's docks is of Victorian brick warehouses built around water basins surrounded by high and handsome walls. The news media chronicle the way the East End warehouses have been turned into lofts, with the usual tale of upscale urban pioneers moving into landscapes of positively lunar desolation. In fact, this image holds good only for the flimsiest crust at the far west of the docks, closest to Tower Bridge. But the reality in the majority of the docks, on both north and south banks of the Thames, is not like this. Much of it is a bleak watery Hopperesque landscape of silos built in the 1950s and dreary municipal housing estates.

Planning, as it is currently practiced in London in general and in the old dockland areas in particular, amounts to no more than a reshuffling of the deck chairs on the *Titanic*. The scale of the transformation has been as sudden as it was unexpected. Until the 1950s its wharves were crammed with ships.

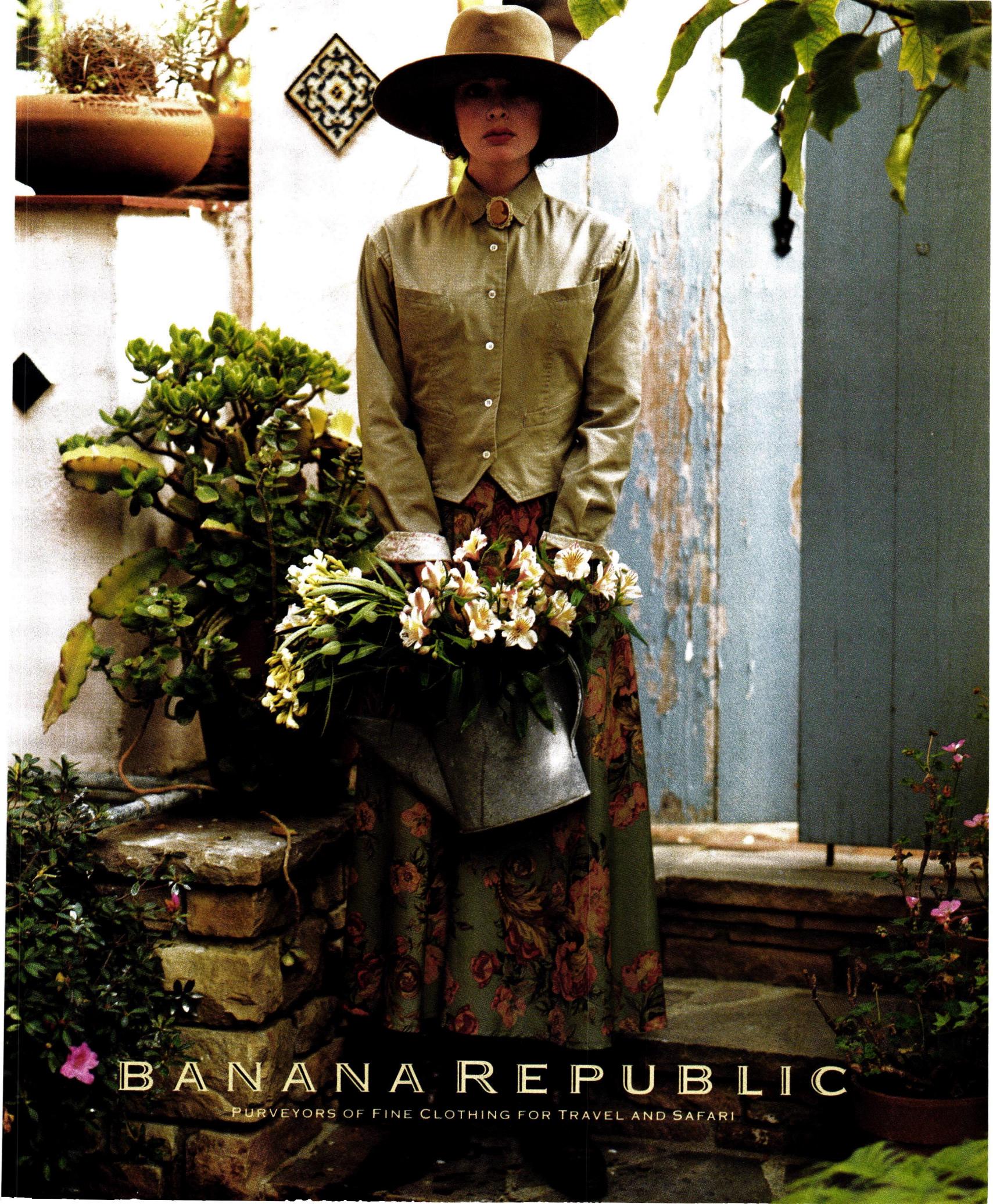
This was a place in which 150,000 people earned their living. Then the

vast new container ships hit the port of London with the impact of a neutron bomb. Instantly the old enclosed docks were obsolete. The situation looked hopeless; the economic underpinning of the whole East End seemed to have been kicked away.

The London Docklands Development Corporation was established under the Thatcher government; its efforts at fashioning a free-market London coincided with the economic upturn of the 1980s. Together they produced the biggest building site in Europe. The LDDC was prepared to pay virtually any price to entice people onto its rotting acres. It asked nothing of the developers but that they come. And to pull them into the core of the area, it offered all kinds of inducements and bribes: a ten-year tax holiday to anybody who set up a business, virtually no planning controls, no urban design regulation. It is in this featureless environment that the low horizons of the LDDC have spawned an architectural zoo in which crinkly tin boxes housing industrial space rub shoulders with speculative office buildings and in which greed and a chronic failure of nerve have produced a menagerie, not a new city. The manifest commercial success of the Docklands as a development focus has in turn triggered a huge increase in land values. This has made the first generation of development redundant less than five years after it was built. Two new buildings are being torn down to make way for denser developments like Olympia & York's new Canary Wharf with Cesar Pelli's 800-foot colossus rearing up out of nowhere. The tawdry Docklands Light Railway, built in a hurry and at bargain-basement rates to ferry commuters, is already hopelessly inadequate, and monstrous traffic jams are developing on the grossly overstretched roads. But it is too late for the LDDC to impose a more enlightened view of urban development. As a lost opportunity, the new Docklands rates as one of London's saddest episodes. ▲



Condemned by Prince Charles in his recent TV show is the Cascades, left, by Campbell Zogolovitch Wilkinson & Gough. Top: Also by that firm is Docklands' China Wharf.



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Estate of the Art

Jonathan Warrender's bird's-eye views of England's green and pleasant land

By MARK GIROUARD

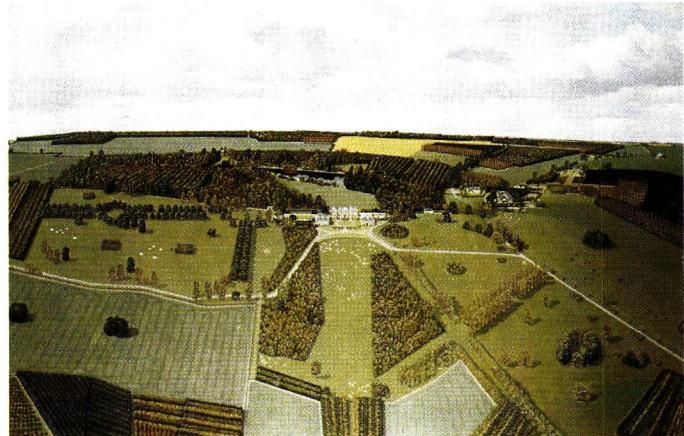


In 1500 the Venetian painter Jacopo de' Barbari donned a pair of imaginary wings, soared into the air, and produced an enormous panorama of the city of Venice, as it could be assumed to look to an intelligent eagle hovering over the city. Barbari's panorama was an important early example of a new way of depicting landscape. It caught the imagination of contemporaries and ultimately led to the modern map and plan. England had nothing to compare with this until the seventeenth century when a group of Dutch and Flemish painters, who had learned the technique at home, moved to England. Between 1680 and 1740 bird's-eye views of British and Irish country houses were produced in large numbers, both in the form of engravings or book illustrations and as oil paintings.

In recent years occasional bird's-eye views of country houses have been painted, but Jonathan Warrender is the first artist to have made them a specialty. He started painting them about twelve years ago, after a dispiriting four years at a London art school where he felt little sympathy with current fashions for abstract or kinetic art. His first commissions were in Scotland to which his family had moved and where he still lives. They had a touch of naiveté about them, like that of a Sunday painter, allied with a warmth and directness that gives them great charm. His later paintings are cooler and smoother, painted with great assurance and remarkable skill in choosing a viewpoint or deciding where to cut the picture boundary.

He works from sketches made on the ground and has no pretensions or desire to produce a photographically accurate depiction of what would be visible from a given aerial viewpoint. Since most English country-house owners look back to the eighteenth century as a golden age, this approach is clearly popular with his patrons. But it gives the pictures a certain coldness, accentuated by the fact that most are painted from a distant viewpoint. Warrender is aware of this and would like to bring a greater sense of drama into future pictures. He has been fascinated, for instance, by the contrast in many country houses between weekday somnolence and weekend activity, when the house and its surroundings break into frenetic life as the guests arrive. He would like to portray this in a picture or pictures. This kind of approach suggests something very different from the

Ditchley Park, Oxfordshire, detail, left, and Thenford House, Northamptonshire, below, by Jonathan Warrender, 1986. elegiac emptiness of his more recent works. It will be interesting to watch how this gifted and attractive artist develops. ♣



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Open House

A game-cum-chat show lets TV viewers peek inside some famous British digs

By BARBARA WALDER

If a man's home is his castle, the drawbridges are down again all over Britain as the hit quiz show *Through the Keyhole* starts its third season on ITV. Each Friday night two celebrity householders will have their drawers turned out, their covers pulled back, and their psyches laid bare for ten million viewers, a celebrity panel, and host David Frost in a funny, tacky, irreverent, and sophisticated game-cum-chat show that has become the show in the UK everyone hates to love.

Guessing the owners' identities from an idiosyncratic, often startling film tour of each house is the excuse for this delightful nosy-parkering program. Created by Frost, executive producer Kevin Sim, and transplanted American, design journalist Loyd Grossman, the program satisfies everyone's voyeuristic curiosity to see how other people live while it violates every basic British taboo.

Naturally, this has attracted viewers across all age and income lines, kudos and condemnation from critics, and a surprising assortment of famous "victims" (as they are known in-house)—sports stars, show-biz personalities, newsreaders, politicians, businessmen—household names like Robert Maxwell, Stirling Moss, and Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, who are willing to go belly-up on national TV as their personalities and possessions are dis-

sected. So disturbing is this show to some, with its hilarious bad taste and casual incongruities of highbrow-lowbrow humor, many Brits think it could only have come from America.

"Actually," said Kevin Sim, "it comes from the interior design magazines. We asked ourselves, 'How do you do this on television?' when *TV-am* [one of the two British breakfast shows] was being planned. I was resisting the idea that we simply do glossy spreads or interviews with designers. I was more interested in *why* people make their decisions."

What they eventually came up with was a five-minute weekly breakfast bit with Loyd Grossman touring a mystery celebrity's house and trying to guess the owner by talking out loud about the kind of person who lived there. Strange and successful because "house detective" Grossman has a unique ability to amuse and ad-lib in an arch, acerbic Anglo-American drawl, this hit bit was transformed

a few years later into the present half-hour prime-time program that has shocked but riveted such a

large cross section of the British public.

"The British are in theory the most house-proud nation in the world," said Grossman, "and because they're so obsessed with their houses and possessions, they've often had the attitude that it's really kind of unfair to criticize a chap's lampshade.

What the program was consciously designed to do was break those taboos. We wanted an unfey, unfawning approach to the whole business of people's lifestyles. Well, where in the history of television have you heard two celebrity panelists wrangling over wallpaper? By doing this we created a new form of entertainment."

With almost two hundred "victims" under his belt, Grossman still happily prowls through people's houses like a busybody baby-sitter. But now he uses his American classlessness, design expertise, and arresting worldview to point out clues and red herrings in a guessing game for a British panel of three semi-intellectuals (mostly media) who are clever, quick-witted, and amusing. And who don't mind roughing up the mystery celebrity's or each other's taste and personality while analyz-



Margaret, Duchess of Argyll



Stirling Moss



Robert Maxwell

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TASTE

ing Grossman's "evidence" with their own ad-lib witticisms.

Presiding over all of this with great relish and aplomb is David Frost, who, game over, chats up the identified householder after he's been trotted onstage through the huge cartoonlike keyhole that dominates the cheery, clever set. With a comeback or two to the cheeky panel and a parody-like presentation of the "official" key, designed by Garrard's, the Crown jewelers, it's out through the key-hole and on to the next victim.

Why, in a country where "priv-acy" is so prized it can take years to be invited home to dinner, would anyone go on this show? "The converse of privacy in a house-proud nation," said Grossman, "is the desire to show off that house, your taste and possessions. It's also a way to give celebrities human interest they don't get other ways—it's an amusing, interesting way to be on the telly."

"Half the people we approach," said Frost, "say, 'That sounds like fun.' The other half say, 'Not in a million years.' It's great fun to do the show, but I'm in the second category—not in a million years!"

Maybe the show works because the British are so good at making fun of themselves. Or maybe because it's like a sophisticated Victorian parlor game where no one is *really* unkind and, among friends, you can just let yourself go. There is a nice chummy feeling about it with panelists and householders mingling genially after tapings and victims sometimes becoming panelists—and panelists victims—in subsequent shows.

Already scheduled for a fourth season and having shot everywhere in Great Britain except the Channel Islands, there are plans to look at Brits abroad. And with the format already sold to Germany and a deal in the works here, the program clearly has some kind of universal appeal.

Slick and sunny and brisk, using typical television conventions and managing to make fun of them at the same time, *Through the Keyhole* intimately reveals famous people through elegant, artful chatter. With something for everyone, it soars, lighthearted, dissolving sangfroid and stiff upper lips. You laugh out loud and learn that fame and fortune may mean happiness, but not necessarily good taste. ▀



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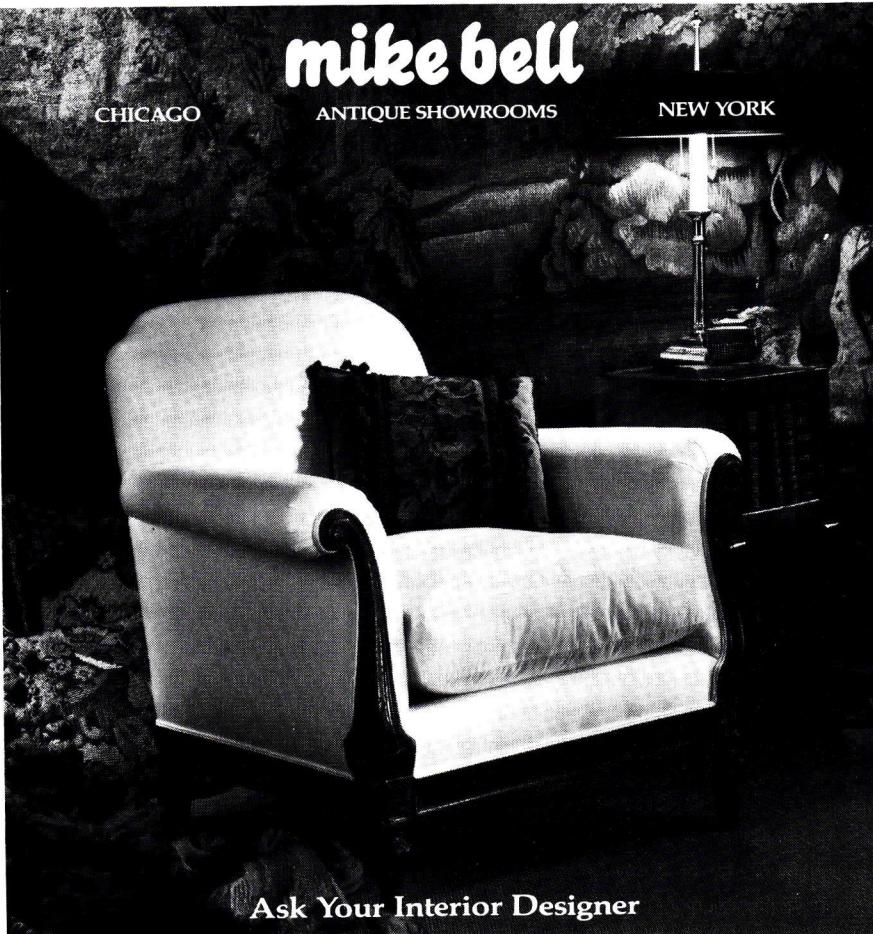
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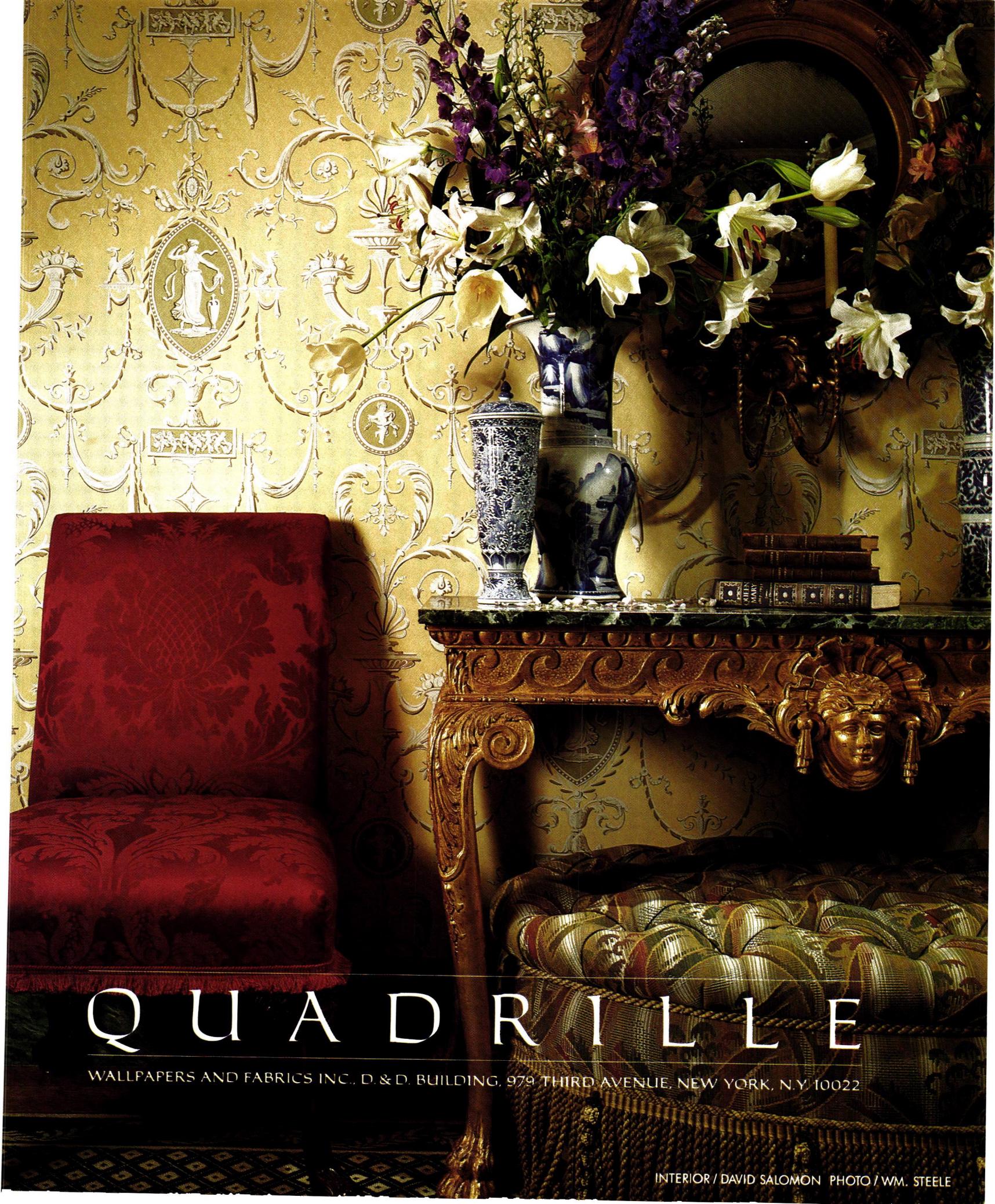
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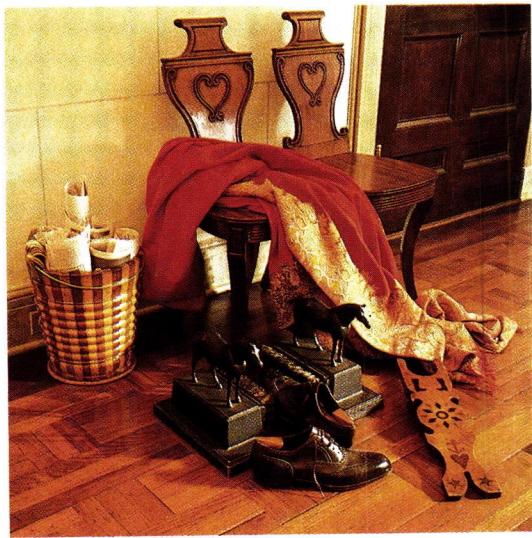
Ten odd things Brits can't live without

By GLENN HARRELL



Regency library steps, left, from Newel. Below right: Christopher Dresser toast rack, c. 1881, from Kurland Zabar; tole urn, c. 1830, from Newel; dessert plate, c. 1910, and waste bowl from James II; tea caddy.

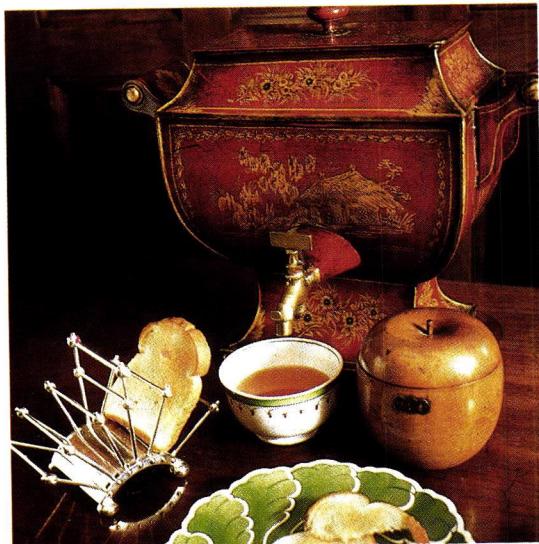
Pair of George III mahogany hall chairs, c. 1800, from Florian Papp; antique paisley shawl from Vito Giallo; stenciled wood bootjack from James II; cast-iron footscraper from Knoud's; peat bucket of maple and mahogany, c. 1790, from Kentshire. Details see Resources.



ing visitors—deemed unworthy of the nearby drawing room—a waiting spot in the corridor of stately homes. **2. Library steps** Handsome mahogany ladder, often convertible into a table or chair, is designed for browsers in pursuit of the loftily shelved. Its aura is so impressively bookish you'd think everyone in England had gone to Oxford. **3. Knole settee** The world's first convertible sofa, it is a survivor of those racy Restoration days when it was used as a Carolinian casting couch. **4. Tea caddy** A lockable box for storing tea leaves, it is a sentimental leftover from the eighteenth century when tea was so precious it was stashed away at night. **5. Canterbury** The original wooden magazine rack, invented to accommodate the Victorian proliferation of periodicals, makes today's Lucite containers look positively vulgar. **6. Pole screen** An elegant adjustable shield protects the face from the ravages of a blazing fire. **7. Aga** A coal-burning stove that kills the damp chill of English weather at its dreariest by generating a slow, even heat. **8. Coal scuttle** A covered receptacle for coal—its downscale Irish cousin is the peat bucket. **9. Bootjack** Equestrian traditions die hard in this class-conscious country, as witnessed by this instrument for pulling off the most unwieldy of boots. **10. Toast rack** The only way to bring hot toast to room temperature. In American houses,

more often found on desks sorting letters. ▲

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DEALER'S EYE

The New Curiosity Shop

Crammed full of the rich and the strange, Alistair McAlpine's gallery is an obsessive collector's paradise

By PATRICK KINMONTH

The cognoscenti tread the pavements of Cork Street in London searching for the wunderkinds of modern painting who are peddled behind gleaming glass up and down the street. Only a few, however, know enough to mount a discreet staircase, knock at a plain door, and enter another world.

In two small rooms Alistair McAlpine, also known as Lord McAlpine of West Green (a title granted for his political services), has assembled an extraordinary quantity of things that have caught his eye and his imagination. Both are highly developed, and the result is a cross between an alchemist's workshop, a pharaoh's tomb, and the Ark. The McAlpine family is king of the construction company that bears its name on vast cranes over London. The only crane you are likely to find at McAlpine's gallery, however, is beautifully inscribed on a piece of African pottery or stuffed.

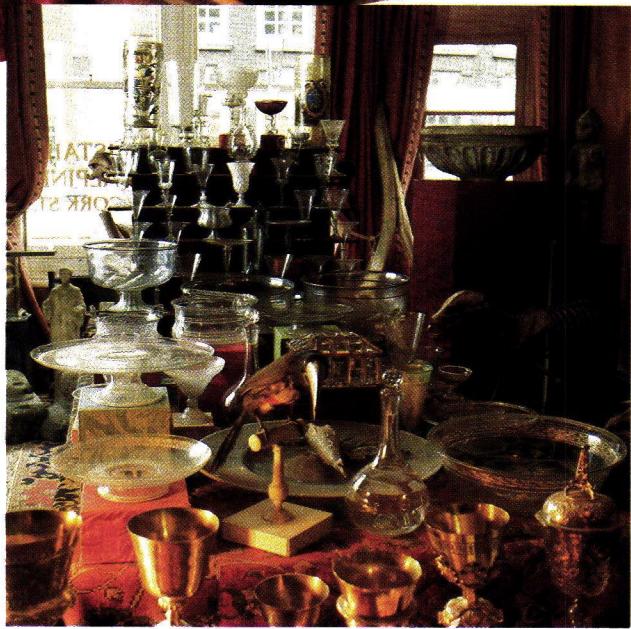
McAlpine does not encourage the idle visitor, but he welcomes the enthusiastic amateur. The variety he offers is truly a seventeenth-century mélange of contrasts, recalling the days when a prince eager to find the meaning of life, nature, and art would assemble bizarre organic creations and intriguing works of man in a cabinet of curiosities, or *Wunderkammer*, to use its proper name. Vying for attention in McAlpine's shop are dinosaur eggs; Renaissance jewels; tribal hair decorations, which double as whirling knives; Elizabethan sleeping hats with beautiful tarnished silver thread, well worth the itchiness in bed; and heavy doublets that ring as you touch them and conjure up Shylock.

One of the rooms, the holy of holies, with a table covered in red Fortuny fabric and strewn with strange and beautiful things, is only for initiates. With the assistance of a good vintage, McAlpine opens the collections that lie in specimen cabinets along the wall. The shallow drawers reveal a treasure chest array of bronzes, gems, embroideries, and weapons. Here is a ring with a miniature of Garrick, the great actor (who once wore it), given, as the inscription tells, by Lord Roseberry to another great actor, Sir Henry Irving. There's a



A boa constrictor skeleton, above, spirals beside a Roman portrait bust in Alistair McAlpine's office.

Left: McAlpine inspects a 2nd-century Roman head on a table laden with gold rings and a c. 1910 Nigerian head. Below: A carpeted display of the 16th- and 17th-century glass that is McAlpine's current passion.





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TRAVEL

The Best of Manors

England's country-house hotels offer the "masterpiece theater" of vacations

Americans visiting Britain may long for an invitation to a grand country house, but often, when their wish is granted, they wish it had remained one. Walk-in fireplaces, Elizabethan paneling, ormolu commodes and the like are all very well, but their charms eventually pale beside frigid windy bathrooms, hot-water taps that emit a thin stream of silt, brussels sprouts that have been boiled long enough to kill all the germs in Belgium, and unhygienic dogs. The safer option for those who want both charm and comfort is one of the country houses that have been converted into grand hotels. Here is House & Garden's pick of five of the best.

Hambleton Hall Hambleton, Oakham, Rutland; 572-56991

Cozy rather than stately, Hambleton Hall sits atop a hill where a garden of fragrant tea roses bordered by lavender hedges slopes down to a meadow where sheep nibble at the edge of Rutland Water. The mansion, built in 1881, was once the scene of lively evenings—as the motto FAY CE QUE VOUDRAS over the door suggests—but is now as peaceful and comfortable as any harassed city dweller could wish for. The owner, Tim Hart, says he aims to re-create the ambience enjoyed by “Victorians who were interested in food and comfort—not in the aristocracy.” The fifteen guest bedrooms are not grand but generous; gentle (though not anodyne) chintzes, acorn and stripe prints, Victorian samplers, golfing pictures, Staffordshire pottery, and sentimental portraits of chubby children with well-fed pets fill the rooms. Two

bedrooms are done up in the late Raj style—mine had a four-poster topped with minarets and a settee piled high with gold-thread cushions. Although you have to go downstairs at Hambleton Hall to find a fireplace, they do blaze merrily in the red-glazed bar hung with sporting prints, the tartan-accented lobby, and the peach-and-blue drawing room with its French doors looking out to the garden.

In the dining room, seventeenth and early eighteenth century plump bourgeois goddesses gaze down on guests tucking into Hambleton's traditional fare—sea trout, lobster, lamb in summer, and victims of the air and forest in autumn—or its more fanciful cuisine. Full marks go to the roast grouse served with game chips and tender miniature brussels sprouts with chestnuts. I was extremely amused by my mushroom-and-eggplant terrine with a tangy lemon-flavored snail salad, followed by Dover sole in a sabayon sauce flavored with lemon and ginger and topped with cockles. Banana-rum custard in a caramel sauce was light but comforting, though rose hip and grapefruit jelly seemed to be striking the invalid note a bit hard. But then, Hambleton Hall does put itself out to be reassuring to the timid visitor, especially those who may not have much experience of the country. On every bedside table, a little notice reassuringly explains, “At certain times of the year, small insects may appear in your room. These will not harm you.”

Rates: Until April 1—doubles £80–£155. After April 1—doubles £85–£180.

Rhoda Koenig

Hintlesham Hall Hintlesham, Suffolk; 473-87268

“This place seems excessively clean,” remarked my traveling partner as we made our way up the impressively long drive that leads to Hintlesham Hall, a stately Tudor mansion with a Georgian façade and decorations. Hosts David and Ruth Watson have created a grand hotel that reeks of both comfort and

Gidleigh Park, left, a Stockbroker Tudor house near Chagford, Devon, is owned and operated by the perfectionist American couple Kay and Paul Henderson, below.

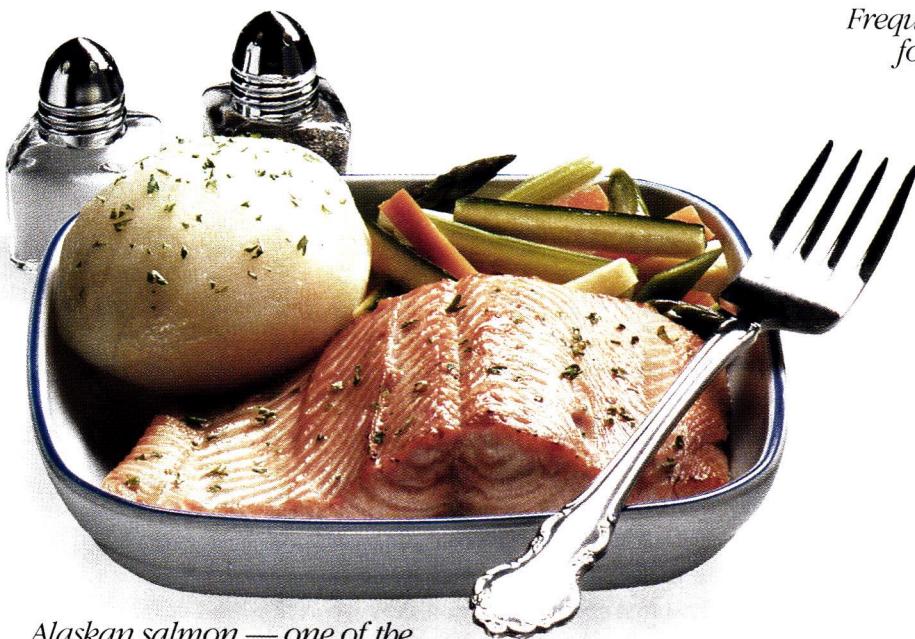


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Chewton Glen, left, near New Milton, Hampshire, is an Edwardian remodeling of a house dating back to the early 18th century. Above: Latest addition to the hotel is the Conservatory Restaurant, completed last summer.

TRAVEL

charm. Gainsborough painted the former occupants of the house, and although no portraits of that stature remain, the hall has lots of pleasant pictures of smiling chatelaines, humorous dogs, and naughty Louis Wain pussycats. The public areas—smoking rooms, a nonsmoking restaurant, a drawing room, and a billiards room—are huge and comfortable, if on the bland side. Its seventeen bedrooms more than compensate for this. Heart of Oak, one of the snug top-floor rooms, has Tudor beams that just clear the elaborately carved tester bed. Rosette features a stone fireplace and a four-poster caparisoned in pink toile, while Braganza boasts a ceiling of exuberant seventeenth-century plasterwork. Fortunately, the bathrooms, large and windowed, with bidets, hair dryers, and showers, have never heard of any period earlier than the 1980s.

Dinner at Hintlesham Hall, prepared by Alan Ford, a former chef at London's Dorchester Hotel, is equally posh. Kidneys in a light mustard sauce could not have been better—all reminders of their former function had been concealed in the most genteel fashion. Nor did I have any complaints about my warm beef salad with pine nuts in a ginger dressing. My John Dory with saffron sauce and duck breast in port wine sauce were perfectly acceptable but nothing to write home about; standards, however, bounced back with the pudding course. Roasted figs served over Cointreau ice cream were a brilliant mixture of hot and cold, delicate and intense, and the hazelnut soufflé with chocolate sauce was marred only by what seems a sybarite's oxymoron: "Too much chocolate."

Rates: £80-£225 (includes full English breakfast).

R.K.

Ston Easton Park Ston Easton, near Bath, Avon; 761-21-631
After a long day of driving and antiquing, I arrived at Ston Easton Park toward late evening, just as the sun was sinking, a time when the already rather severe eleven-bay Georgian façade of the house was cast in ominous shadow. Apart from a Doric portico, some flower-filled urns along the drive, and a few guests playing croquet on the lawn, the hotel looked cold and unwelcoming. One step inside the 1739 Palladian house's cove-ceilinged entrance hall dispelled that first impression. Greeted by the ever-present country-house dog, I glimpsed what lay ahead: a time capsule of eighteenth-century English living re-created with period furniture and decorative objects.

When Peter and Christine Smedley decided to restore and open the house as a hotel, they hired London decorator Jean Monro—whose shop on Montpelier Street in Knightsbridge is definitely worth a visit—to do the interiors. Working around the Classical architecture, Monro and associate John Lusk used paint finishes in the eighteenth-century manner and modern English chintzes as rich colorful backgrounds for the Smedley family's collection of Georgian and Edwardian antiques. The saloon has a double-pedimented door flanked by Corinthian columns. Under the plasterwork and painted ceiling and bordered with an elaborate frieze of shells and flower garlands, the walls are decorated with enormous grisaille panels of giant urns and Classical figures in ornately carved frames.

Dinner orders are often taken over drinks in the library. It's a four course prix-fixe menu, continental in spirit but with plenty of

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any different?”*

“Was Enid there?”

*“With her new husband,
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“Did she talk about me?”

*“Not exactly. But I did detect
a note of tragic longing in
her eyes.”*

*“Maybe she bet as badly as
you did.”*

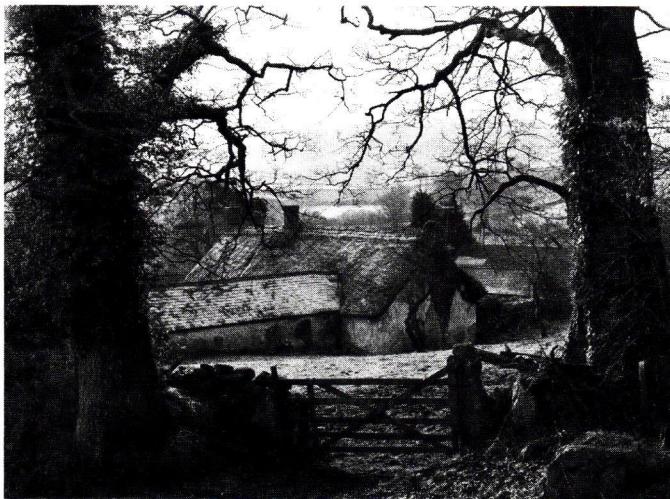
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local fare: English lamb and fowl, Scotch beef and salmon, and some delicious country cheeses. The Smedleys' colorful collection of rare porcelains lining the walls of the dining room warranted a close look before we sat down to a dinner that was as pretty as everything else at Ston Easton. The only flaw: the predictable food was good but it didn't quite "sing," a small letdown from the quality we'd become accustomed to. Breakfast, with delicately sliced fresh fruit and home-baked breads served on charming bone china, was brighter. The Print Room, done in the eighteenth-century manner, is a special treat; ask to see it if it's not open. And check out the "downstairs" where guests are welcome to see the restored inner workings of the house: the servants' hall, the game room, and the



Thatched-roof farm within walking distance of Gidleigh Park near Chagford, Devon

wonderful old linen room. Speaking of linen, the bedsheets are real linen, and as you slide between them for the night, don't miss that little tin of homemade shortbread next to your bed.

Rates: Until April 1—singles £60; doubles £95–£260. After April 1—singles £60–£75; doubles £105–£260. **Joyce MacRae**

Chewtton Glen New Milton, Hampshire: 4252-75341

Chewtton Glen reminds one of the famous observation that the Holy Roman Empire was neither holy nor Roman nor an empire, for there is little about this English country house that is English, countrified, or even conventionally homey. It is, however, one of the most carefully conceived, brilliantly run, and consistently enjoyable resort hotels anywhere. The achievement of owner Martin Skan and his Swiss-born wife, Brigitte Stuart, is all the more remarkable when one considers how skillfully they have created an aura of bucolic charm. The sixty-acre Chewtton Glen is not far from a busy highway and rows of suburban houses, but one would never know it. The Skans cleverly rerouted the approach to the fifty-room hotel through the New Forest, a medieval royal hunting preserve, giving the feeling of a vast verdant buffer between Chewtton Glen and the modern world. The picture-pretty interiors, decorated by Brigitte Stuart, are equally escapist and protective, though their sandbox freshness, thoughtful detailing, and attentiveness to comfort are the antithesis of the shabby stately homes of England.

Chewtton Glen's flawless French cuisine is supervised by head chef Pierre Chevillard, formerly of Troisgros. His smoked duck breast is the finest one has ever encountered, his carpaccio of salmon an unforgettable demonstration of supreme simplicity, his ravioli with morels a distillation of the most elusive flavors conveyed with the lightest of textures. The wine list is encyclopedic, with a strong commitment to such heavyweight labels as Château Latour and Romanée-Conti. Understandably, Chewtton Glen attracts a truly international following, but as the polyglot conversation in the luminous apricot dining room indicates, it is well worth the detour. Jolly excursions through this history-rich region of England are conducted in the hotel's sleek Jaguar by chauffeur Geoff Gates, whose professionalism and character epitomize why Chewtton Glen commands the loyalty of so many discerning and cosmopolitan regulars.

Rates: Until April 1—doubles £125–£160; suites £230–£300. After April 1—doubles £138–£175; suites £250–£330. **Martin Filler**

Gidleigh Park near Chagford, Devon: 6473-2367

One instantly obvious difference between Gidleigh Park and many of its competitors is that the green Wellington boots lined up by its front door are used, not decorative. Set in a remote corner of southwest England within hiking distance of majestic Dartmoor—one of Britain's most thrilling landscapes—Gidleigh Park proves that if you provide the highest standards of excellence, the world will beat a path to your door. This fourteen-room hotel, housed in a half-timbered mansion built in 1928 by an Australian millionaire, is the labor of love of Paul Henderson, a former corporate efficiency expert, and his wife, Kay. These expatriate Americans have devised an atmosphere so authentically English that the majority of their guests are British subjects, not the least bit put out by the fact that there is very little to do at Gidleigh Park except play croquet (the Hendersons are fanatics), go for invigorating tramps on Dartmoor, or sit around leafing through copies of *Country Life*. This is one of the few vacation destinations on the planet where teeming rain does not seem like a rebuff from the Creator. One simply pulls on Wellies, a mac, and gets on with it. Do not even think of bringing children.

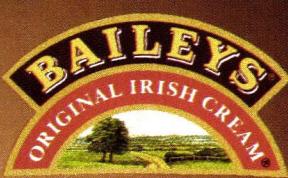
In Ulster-born chef Shaun Hill the Hendersons have one of the wizard exponents of the new English cookery. His straightforward, though astonishingly subtle, reinterpretations of English classics show that if handled sensitively, the incomparable produce of Britain can yield results every bit as impressive as the best of France or Italy. Setting off Hill's beautifully presented specialties—sweet-breads with wild mushrooms, grilled Dart River salmon, poached Scotch fillet steak, and what one critic has rightly called the best breads in the British Isles—is the astounding wine cellar assembled by the perfectionist owner. This Tony Randall look-alike has concentrated such passion and erudition into that 600-label collection that oenophiles could make a holiday of just reading his annotated wine list. There is something profoundly relaxing about a stay at Gidleigh Park, which conveys the very essence of what an English country-house hotel is all about—or should be.

Rates: Doubles £125–£210 (includes dinner for two, early morning tea, and continental breakfast). **M.F.**

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SAMPLES

Beyond Chintz

Richly woven fabrics loom large on today's British design front

Finespun chintz—long the standard-bearer of British fabric—has a challenger. Taking their cue from splendid Renaissance tapestries and bold Turkish carpets, richly patterned woven textiles are warm and regal. Christopher Hyland in New York, for example, is a good source for historic British designs in silk, cotton, and wool which have often been used in the Palace of Westminster. Designers Guild of London spins a collection of jewel-toned jacquards strewn with swirling foliage. And Osborne & Little pays homage to Middle Eastern ziggurat motifs with jagged stripes and geometric design. Although chintz may still reign supreme, these English wovens, as durable as the monarchy, are equally majestic.

Eric Berthold

Material Splendor. Flora and fauna filled Windsor Tapestry, left, in a blended fabric at Christopher Hyland, NYC. **Below:** Fougère, available in three vibrant palettes, by Designers Guild, London. **Above right and right:** Swatches of cotton, wool, and silk fabrics from Osborne & Little, Christopher Hyland, Designers Guild, Cowtan & Tout, M. R. H. Cloth, and Arthur Sanderson & Sons. Details see Resources.



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Channel Crossings

Despite rumors of a new English cuisine, PAUL LEVY finds that the best British food is French, actually

It is a popular view that Britain is witnessing a revival of fine English cooking. Restaurant guides give awards for "modern British cooking," and several chefs with good Anglo-Saxon names figure regularly in the British gossip columns.

Two different versions of this renaissance story are current. In the first, British restaurant-goers are participating in a rebirth of good English fare that dates back, variously, to medieval times, to the Elizabethan period, to the eighteenth century, or to the days of Mrs. Beeton, whose famous *Book of Household Management* was published in 1861. In the second account, everything is newly minted: Brits are eating their way through the birth of a new English cuisine.

For adherents of the first tale, the protagonists are all female. The heroines are Hannah Glasse, Eliza Acton, and Isabella Beeton, those faithful recorders of the virtues of English cooking in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the second story gets most of the attention these days, and the names are all masculine; they belong to chefs such as Simon Hopkinson, Alastair Little, Rowley Leigh, Marco-Pierre White, and, above all, a Swiss, Anton Mosimann, who has done more than any person now living to restore respectability to English food. (In his heyday Mosimann's kitchens at the Dorchester Hotel were considered the Harvard and MIT of the British food world—the ultimate halls of postgraduate education for chefs. At one point, the waiting list numbered 650 applicants.)



Anton Mosimann
offers English fare
at Mosimann's.
Above: Logos for
Mosimann's and
Bibendum, where
Simon Hopkinson
serves up
bistro treats.

Chefs are Britain's new celebrities, having gained a high social profile in the home country of gastronomic philistinism. Thanks to the cheerful vulgarity of his appearances on a BBC television program in which he taught a working-class family in Sheffield how to improve the quality of their Sunday lunch for very little extra expenditure, quite a lot of people could pick out Anton Mosimann in a police lineup. But don't be fooled by his TV outing with the common

RECIPE#1: Dinner At Dusk



"Salmon with Dijon Sauce"

2 salmon steaks, 1 inch thick

1/4 cup sour cream

2 pearl earrings

3 Tbsp. GREY POUPON®

Dijon Mustard

2 tsp. fresh lemon juice

1 *Vivaldi concerto*

2 Tbsp. melted butter or margarine

1 clove minced garlic

2 *symphony tickets*

1/4 tsp. dry dill weed

2 *orchids*

Put on pearl earrings. Combine sour cream, Grey Poupon Dijon Mustard, dill weed, lemon juice and garlic. Mix well.

Place orchids: one at entryway, one on nightstand. Brush salmon with melted butter or margarine. *Place symphony tickets beneath his napkin.*

Put on Vivaldi concerto. Grill or broil salmon steaks as desired. *Maintain high heat with dining partner.* Generously add Grey Poupon Dijon Sauce to give salmon steak new meaning. *Illuminate orchids for when you return from the symphony.* Bon appétit.

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FOOD

folk; the 42-year-old doyen of the new British cuisine recently left the kitchens of the Dorchester Hotel to set up a members-only private club at London's smartest address, off Belgrave Square.

Since the new British cuisine is essentially a return to traditional favorites, Mosimann's real contribution to the culinary life of Great Britain has been to refine the dishes of domestic cooks. At Mosimann's, bread-and-butter pudding is always on the menu and often boiled beef, or bangers (sausages which, when served here, may be made of fashionable duck rather than standard-issue fatty pork), oysters in their season, sometimes roast beef, and Dover sole.

In the case of the desserts, these often emanate from the nursery; Mosimann apparently takes full advantage of the fact that the appetite of the upper-middle-class British male is ruled by nostalgia. At home or in his club, he wants nothing more than to recapture on his plate the flavors of his childhood. Give him overcooked beef and a steamed suet pudding and you've made a customer; cook the beef properly and lighten the pudding and you've made a regular. Mosimann knows all the tricks, so if you want a real taste of Britain, you must go to the table of this Swiss national—provided you know someone who is a member of his exclusive club.

Despite all the recent attention paid to customary British fare, the most exciting culinary news in England is the reinterpretation of the cuisine of cross-Channel rivals. Today's native kitchen hero, Simon Hopkinson, prefers British dishes to French ones. A 34-year-old Lancastrian, Hopkinson came from the Shed in Dinas, Dyfed, by way of cooking for a bachelor household, being an inspector for a restaurant guide, and winning réclame as the chef of Hilaire in London's Old Brompton Road, then the gastronomic flagship of a chain of restaurants noted more for their design attributes than for their food. Now the chef of what has become my favorite London restaurant, Hopkinson has come to the top of the Michelin building in a place that he and his partners, Sir Terence Conran and Paul Hamlyn, call Bibendum after the emblematic Michelin man.

The Michelin red guide is still the Bible, so far as most London restaurateurs are concerned. But judging this restaurant, located in Michelin's own former London corporate headquarters, is going to give the guide inspectors severe critical indigestion, because Bibendum's ambitions are different from those of other fine restaurants.

Simon Hopkinson serves food that I could happily eat every day: old-fashioned bistro food, *cuisine de grand-mère*. In France, Michelin does not normally give any stars at all to places that specialize in these kinds of dishes—its highest accolade for this type of retro-granny food is usually the red M, not the weightier stars.

If they are fair, however, and of good appetite, the Michelin men are going to find that they have never tasted this sort of food cooked to this standard. In my own experience there's no bistro food as good as this in Paris and precious little of it in Lyons.

So here's the oven-glove challenge I'd throw down to Fat Mich: taste Hopkinson's black truffle omelet, its creamy center enclosing a dozen slices of crunchy raw fungus as thick as fifty-cent coins that yield up their perfume to the warmth of the egg. See if you can resist finishing his simple roast *poulet de Bresse*, its skin crisp, its white meat juicy, the succulent legs brought to table in a second service.

Have spinach with it, each leaf buttery and still intact, and mashed potato, one part best olive oil to four parts potato. See if you don't agree that the *tarte fine aux pommes* is the best you've ever tasted, the microscopically fine layer of puff pastry as thin as Guérard's and as crisp as that of Jacques Lameloise.

Although Bibendum is the most interesting restaurant venture to grace London in the past ten years, it fits few patterns. In its scale, color scheme, lighting, seating, and spacing of tables (except for the slightly mean tables for two lined up against the twin long banquettes on either side of the principal window) the room at Bibendum acknowledges what most restaurant designers so inconveniently forget—that customers are human beings and want to have a good time. For all its comfort and refinement, this place strives for the atmosphere of a brasserie with its glass windows etched with Michelin town maps, its long bar, and glass-and-wood waiters' stations. The room pulsates with energy and warmth and luxuriates in light and space. Bibendum sets a new standard for luxury.

Simon Hopkinson and Sir Terence are challenging Michelin on its own grounds, literally and figuratively. The French haven't bested the British in a war since 1066. They've been making up for it in the kitchen ever since. But they'd better watch out. As the example of Simon Hopkinson shows, the British are changing the culinary rules of engagement.

London Restaurants

Alastair Little

49 Frith St., W1; 1-734-5183

The new English cuisine is served here in all its glory by one of Britain's culinary celebrities, owner-chef Little.

Bibendum

Michelin House, 81 Fulham Road, SW3; 1-581-5817

Exceptional bistro-style food is prepared by chef Simon Hopkinson and served in a brasserie atmosphere. The restaurant, perched atop the Deco Michelin building, was designed by Sir Terence Conran.

Clarke's

124 Kensington Church St., W8; 1-221-9225

Chef and owner Sally Clarke serves a fixed menu of extraordinarily good homey food.

Golden Chopsticks

1 Harrington Road, SW7; 1-584-0855

Even if she wasn't one of London's most accomplished Chinese chefs, Yee-Kui Choi would be notable for her gender in a culinary culture that is typically a man's world.

Harvey's

2 Bellevue Road, Wandsworth Common, SW17; 1-672-0114

Chef Marco-Pierre White brings his experience in the kitchens of London's finest restaurants home to his own new eatery.

Kensington Place

201 Kensington Church St., W8; 1-727-3184

Rowley Leigh, formerly of Le Poulbot, presides in the Kensington kitchens, offering an array of original dishes. The restaurant was designed by architect Julian Wickham.

Le Caprice

Arlington House, Arlington St., SW1; 1-629-2239

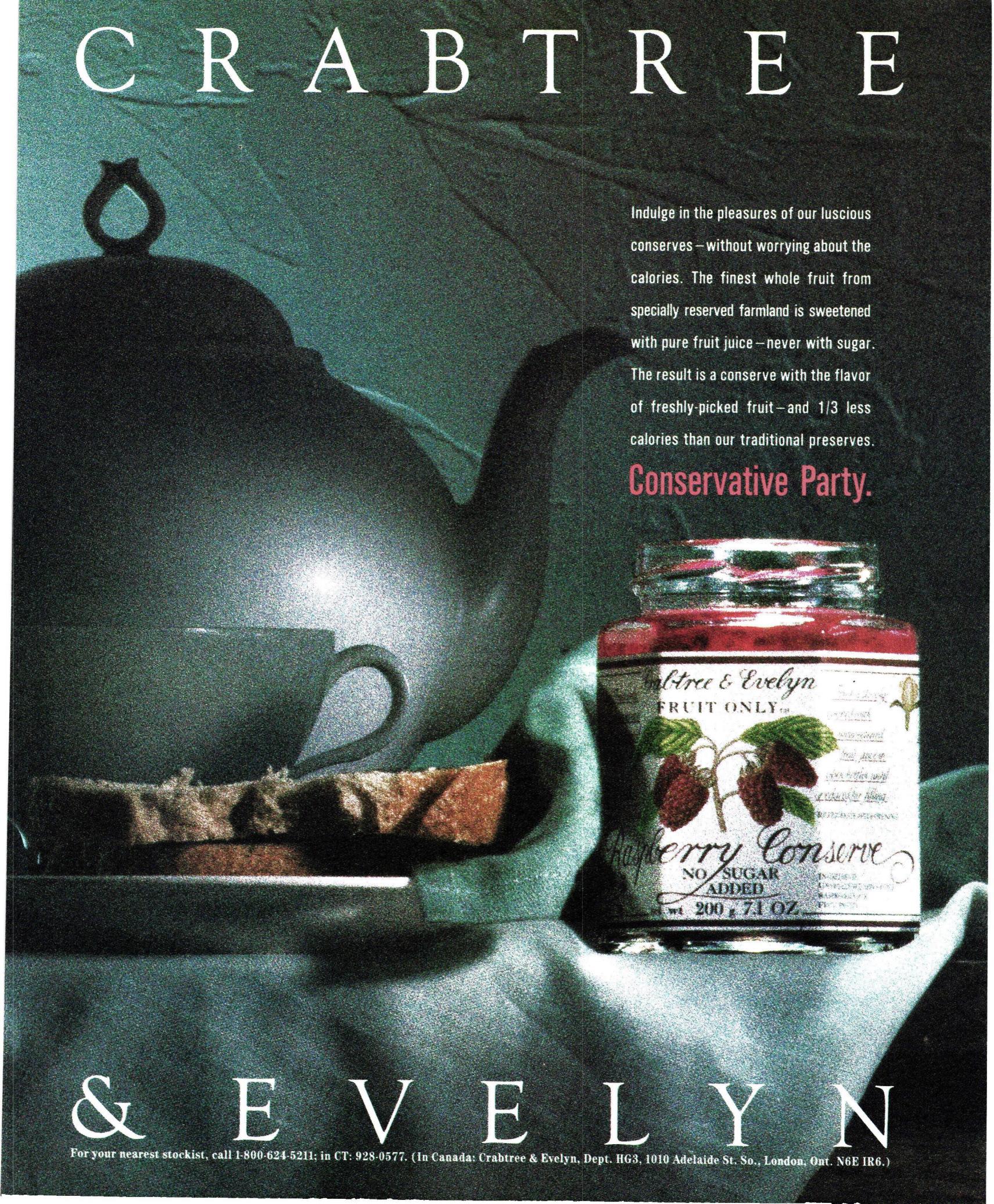
Light and fresh international cuisine served in a glamorous setting is the specialty of chef Anthony Howarth. The menu here is flexible; no one expects you to have every course.

Mosimann's

11B West Halkin St., SW1; 1-235-9625

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GARDENING

begonias. If the husband is gardener at the mansion, he will try his hand at box edging and topiary, a proud echo of his labors for his master. The carefully clipped shapes will frame the gate or doorway to be seen from the road by passersby.

Just as the front garden tells a story, so does the back garden where husband and wife work together growing vegetables and fruit trees. For William Lawson plants are of "two sorts and therefore it is meet that we have two gardens: a garden for flowers, and a kitchen garden." The front garden with flowers "shall suffer some disgrace, if among them you intermingle onions and parsnips." Lawson recommends beds be divided "that you may go betwixt to weed." Here roses and lavender grow, for they give "comfort to the senses," and sunflowers stand tall. As in the front garden, the beds may well be edged with trimmed box or the path with fragrant dianthus and parsley. A rose-and-honeysuckle archway spans the path, a more rustic version of the rose arbor at the manor. The vegetables will be lined up in

tidy rows, sometimes with stepping stones. There will always be a place for the pigsty and beehives; without bees the fruit blossoms will not be pollinated and the flowers will not set fertile seed.

This has been the image of the cottage garden for centuries. New varieties of vegetables, fruits, and flowers have been developed, and new plants have arrived from overseas. However, a core of cottage garden plants remains ever popular. Some love to be left undisturbed—in fact, will improve over the years—clumps of candidum lilies, peonies, primroses, violets, hollyhocks, and clove-scented pinks. Others will seed themselves readily—foxglove, marigolds, nasturtiums, love-in-a-mist, honesty, mignonettes, forget-me-nots. The seeds of other plants must be collected, stored, and sown in due season—wallflowers and sunflowers, sweet peas and sweet williams.

What has changed in cottage gardens today? The flowers, albeit improved, are much the same. It is the cottagers that have changed. Now many town dwellers make

cottages their weekend homes; others commute from villages to jobs in nearby towns. They tend to their gardens with nostalgia, love, and care, but with a different emphasis.

Our erstwhile country housewife had to cultivate her small patch intensively to provide produce for her family and flowers for her enjoyment. Instead of relying on the manor house, her neighbors, and her skill in propagating seeds, she is now more likely to visit the local garden center. The bees and pigs have gone, the paths have become sophisticated. The patio for barbecues has edged out the laundry shed. A garage occupies the space where the privy once stood, but it is covered with *Clematis montana* and rampant Himalaya musk roses, just as the privy used to be. Cottage gardeners of the past acquired their craft by instinct and inheritance; those of today have to learn by reading and by trial and error. The effect may well be the same. The village flower show is a symbol of continuity, and as long as the new arrivals enter into the spirit of country life, all will be well in our cottage gardens. ▲

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RALPH LAUREN
CLASSICS

EDITOR'S PAGE

M A R C H 1 9 8 9



In this issue HG takes a look at English style today—from Nina Campbell, the Duke and Duchess of York's decorator, to the Prince of Wales and his favorite architect, Quinlan Terry. We visit a range of houses, from the Cotswold retreat of the director of the venerable Colefax & Fowler to the Chelsea mews house of picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen and from the Gothic castle of the Carnarvon family in Hampshire to the quirky modern house of BBC producer Janet Street-Porter in London. The distances we travel may seem great, but surely no greater than the span from Buckingham Palace to the Docklands. Is it any wonder that the spawning ground for some of the Western world's most colorful—or at least most chronicled—eccentrics should also welcome American export Danny Lane with his startling glass furniture and the homegrown architect Nigel Coates, who uses aquariums as the

central feature for a new Sloane Street clothing store? England is a country where style—whether timeworn and unapologetically threadbare or innovative and shockingly new—is always inspiring, and sometimes even a revelation.



Editor in Chief





A woman with dark hair, wearing a red sweater over a black top, is smiling and holding a small, round, gold-colored object in her right hand. She is surrounded by various fabrics and decorations, including a red and gold patterned fabric in the foreground, a red plaid fabric on the right, and a dark, patterned fabric on the left. The background is filled with more fabrics and decorative items, creating a rich, textured scene.

THE WELL-APPOINTED DECORATOR

*Her house in Chelsea and her shop in Knightsbridge explain why
Nina Campbell is Fergie's choice. Charles Gandee reports*

A hearty appetite for creature comforts characterizes Nina Campbell's decorative style—not only at home in the master bedroom of her Chelsea house, this page, but also at work, opposite, in the second-floor design studio of her shop and office on Walton Street. Details see Resources.





Early last year when Buckingham Palace announced that Parish-Hadley had been retained to decorate the Duke and Duchess of York's new country house, Sunninghill Park, near Windsor Castle, eyebrows rose, nostrils flared, frowns creased the brows of Britons. Parish-Hadley is, after all, American.

Effectively bowing to the criticism, the royals quietly disengaged the New York-based decorators and commenced a search for a new decorator situated a bit closer, shall we say, to Big Ben. By October the search had ended, and the young duke informed Nina Campbell of Knightsbridge that he and the duchess would be pleased if she could find the time to take on their two-story sixteen-room house. Campbell said she could.

Because I was curious about the royal commission, I stopped in not long ago at Campbell's retail shop and office two blocks from Harrod's. Although I was ex-

Judging by the choice of Nina Campbell as the decorator for her new country house, above, the Duchess of York (the former Sarah Ferguson), top, prefers a homelike more casual than formal. Right: Campbell's own living room in London.





Campbell's Soupcón

It seems that Nina Campbell is popping up everywhere these days. Below: In a crystal cloud at Denton's in London—"the most remarkable chandelier shop on earth."

Center: Pincushions that bear the Nina Campbell Ltd. stamp. Bottom: Two vignettes from Campbell's room at the Royal Oak Designer Showhouse in New York City. Right: Her own dining room cum library.



pecting someone grand if not downright regal, what I found was an accessible and unpretentious 42-year-old woman who, save for the gold Bulgari watch on her left wrist, could have been any other good-natured mother of three with an Audi, an A-line skirt, and sensible shoes.

Campbell confessed that she was excited about working with the duke and duchess, whom she described as "fun, funny, and relaxing," and admitted that she was

"extremely flattered to be chosen. They're a young couple and it's their first house and it's rather nice to help them on their way." Would the house help her standing as a decorator? Would it give the countless lines of fabrics, wallpapers, carpets, tiles, and soft goods that carry the Nina Campbell Ltd. label a competitive edge in the marketplace? "Yes," said Campbell, without hesitating. "Now I can probably design sheets and put my name on all sorts of things. I love the idea of the Japanese fiendishly buying my designs while I'm asleep. I think it's a wonderful idea, an American idea, and long may it last."

Campbell's healthy attitude toward consumerism dates from the sixties when she made her working debut in the bridal registry of the General Trading Company on Sloane Street: "I

suppose that was quite formative for me, because I got into glass and china and objects and everything. It gave me a passion for shops." From there Campbell moved on to the venerable house of Colefax & Fowler, where she earned £8 per week as a gofer: "I was a failure at making tea, I was a failure at typing letters, so out of desperation I sort of followed behind John Fowler with a suitcase full of samples. He was the most marvelous man—very funny and generous with his knowledge and with himself." After three years Campbell struck out on her own, armed with such pearls of Fowler's decorating wisdom as it's a bad idea to line a four-poster bed in yellow, whereas it's a good idea to line lampshades in pink—though not too much pink, cautions Campbell, "otherwise you end up looking a bit like Barbara Cartland or something."



"

It was really an ugly

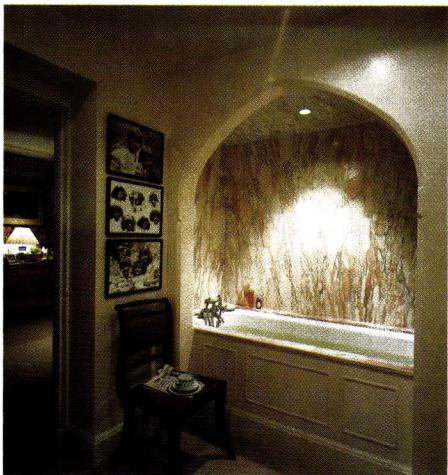


little fifties house of no architectural merit whatsoever”



The pink-and-blue French cotton hydrangea print Campbell ordered for her bedroom, left, and adjacent sitting room, right, was chosen for the simple reason "it is happy making."

Below: Gothic architecture is another recurring decorative motif throughout the master suite, including the bathtub enclosure with its marbleized backsplash.



"I'd rather have a good sofa and no curtains than a bad sofa and a mean pair of curtains"

Throughout her career Campbell has vacillated between her interest in selling and her interest in decorating. "There are times when I go off the whole idea of decorating—you know it can be a nightmare." The early seventies was one of those times, so Campbell simply pulled down her decorating shingle and opened up a shop on Pimlico Road. At present, however, she seems to have reached a happy accord. Upstairs at 9 Walton Street, Campbell is a decorator, currently hard at work on a range of residential projects, from a small castle in Cheshire to Manhattan art dealer Richard Feigen's country house in Bedford, New York; downstairs she's a successful shopkeeper—"Sean Connery was in yesterday"—selling everything from Venetian glass and Rumanian carpets to porcelain sardines and coffee cups with little blue hearts all over them.

Campbell lives, by her own account, "in an ugly little fifties house of no architectural merit whatsoever" which she bought in 1985 and transformed into a "sort of Gothic cottage." Why Gothic?

"It was the only hope," quips Campbell, who shares the Chelsea house with her children and their ever-changing menagerie of pets. Although the Gothic motif appears on everything from cabinets, mantels, and moldings to furniture, lamps, and accessories, Campbell made room for the friendly assortment of antiques, heirlooms, and personal souvenirs that, to her mind, make a house a home.

To find out what we, not to mention the Duke and Duchess of York, might look forward to in the next year or so from her office, I asked Campbell to characterize her work, to define the Nina Campbell style. "Well, comfort has to be the most important thing, of course. And practicality is important, too—if it's not practical, it's not comfortable. If you have a sofa in the country, for example, it must be covered in something that allows you to sit down, relax, and put up your feet—not some silk thing that gets a spot if you just look at it.

"I think you've got to design rooms that can stand (Text continued on page 206)





Statues of

Bacchus and Ariadne guard the entrance hall to the drawing room from which Mary Goodwin surveys her redecorated flat.

"I wanted something that was personal and perhaps quirky," she says. The entryway is draped in fabric by Carolyn Quartermaine. Opposite: A shelf in the corner of the drawing room displays two busts from Goodwin's collection of reproductions of Classical statues. The window swag is an antique silk sari.

Details see Resources.





CLASSICAL TRANSLATION

*Eight flights above London, the
resourceful Mary Goodwin brings the
past into the present*

BY DINAH HALL



COTSWOLD

RETREAT



*At Tughill House,
a decorator comes home
to the English
country-cottage style*

BY ROS BYAM SHAW

The outer hall, left, with its old stone flags and walls glazed the color of toffee, is a recent addition to the 16th-century house. Above: Topiary box hedges in a cottage garden of 18th-century formality.



Stanley Falconer's philosophy of interior design is simple. "I like a house to be comfortable, livable, and when possible, cozy, and that can never be instantly achieved. If my rooms have any cachet or success, it is because I go on working on them—often for years at a time." Falconer is a director of that quintessentially English decorating firm Colefax & Fowler, where he has worked as a designer for 25 years on everything from office blocks, hotels, restaurants, and flats to castles, museums, yachts, and the interiors of private jets. For the past thirteen years his spare time has been devoted to a personal project, a sixteenth-century house in the Cotswolds. He is such a perfectionist that one senses it will never quite be finished. Meanwhile, to the layman Tughill House is a definitive distillation of the English country-cottage style at its simple, unpretentious, and modestly elegant best.

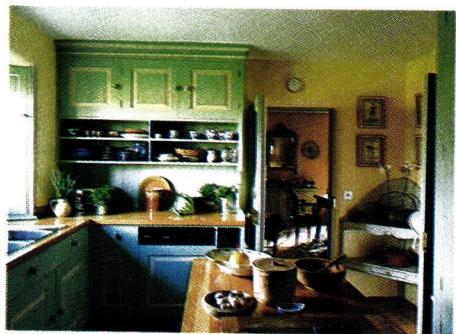
When Falconer set about house hunting about sixteen years ago, he had a stricter set of stipulations than most. He wanted somewhere untouched and remote with no new developments, no caravan sites, and in a "working" village. After a long search Tughill House was the first to come up to the mark. Settled in its own miniature valley, the house is reached by a series of narrow country lanes that dip and swerve through Gloucestershire farmland. On the edge of a tiny village, complete with church and manor house, that can hardly have changed since the days of Jane Austen, it's about as far off the English beaten track as you could get without pitching camp in the middle of Dartmoor.

Inside Tughill the welcome is as warm as the winter air is frosty. Fires flicker in the hearths of low-ceilinged rooms, and there is a faint smell of beeswax polish and indoor flowers. Tall and distinguished with handsome blue eyes and a large smile, Falconer conducts a tour, leading from room to room, ducking just a little through upstairs doorways, telling an amusing decorating anec-

The living room, top left, looking through to the morning room. The carpet is Colefax's Duck's Foot. Center: On an upstairs landing, 18th-century insurance plaques beside a gilded French mirror. Left: Staffordshire rabbits sit on the living room mantel. Opposite above: Mullioned windows in the morning room give views onto the garden. The window seat is in Colefax's Strawberry Leaf. The rug is an 18th-century kilim. Details see Resources.



*Falconer is such a perfectionist
that one senses Tughill House
will never be quite finished*

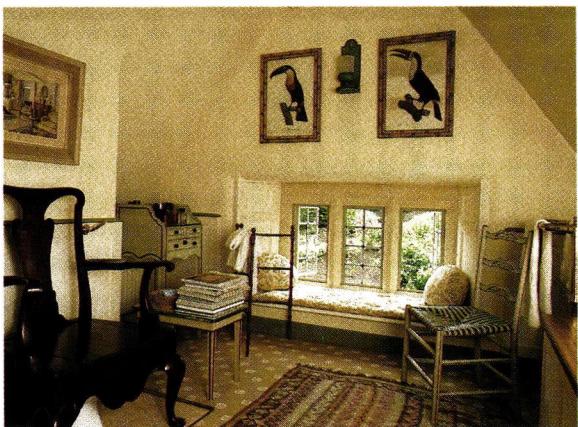


The robin's-egg blue for the kitchen was copied from the painted 18th-century French commode visible in the dining room.



Another new room, the dining room, has a fireplace found in France which displays a collection of antique delft. On a 19th-century Ziegler rug, painted leather-covered chairs, probably Swedish, surround a French cherrywood table.





A faux bamboo four-poster, above, with an early 19th century patchwork quilt dominates one of the guest bedrooms, where Stanley Falconer opened up the ceiling for greater height. Colefax's Angouleme covers the sloping walls. Far left: In the main bathroom a grand Queen Anne-style commode discreetly conceals the lavatory. Left: An early 18th century wing chair covered in an antique needlepoint.

dots here, picking up on a favorite treasure there, pointing out some of the more subtle details of design. "I can't bear the oaky-poky look," he says, gesturing toward exposed beams he has chosen to paint rather than strip.

Talk of oaky-poky—conjuring visions of black beam-striped rooms fat with blousy pattern, festooned with horse brasses, and bright with copper kettles—is a reminder of the exquisite restraint that characterizes this interior where nothing is superfluous, nothing overdone. Only three rooms have been allowed the luxury of patterned wallpaper; elsewhere walls are painted in gentle shades of stone, creamy pink, or sand. Curtains are likewise kept to a minimum. Instead there are wooden shutters punctuated only by frilled pelmets upstairs. New chintzes are used sparingly and mixed with a delicious selection of antique textiles—a Regency patchwork quilt on a bed draped with Colefax's Geranium Moiré, an eighteenth-century embroidered counterpane on a four-poster hung with Percheron's Bassorah. There are some wonderful collections—faience, for example, in the dining room and early blue-and-white china in the kitchen—but there is no clutter. The effect is delightfully informal, the eye that achieved it unerring.

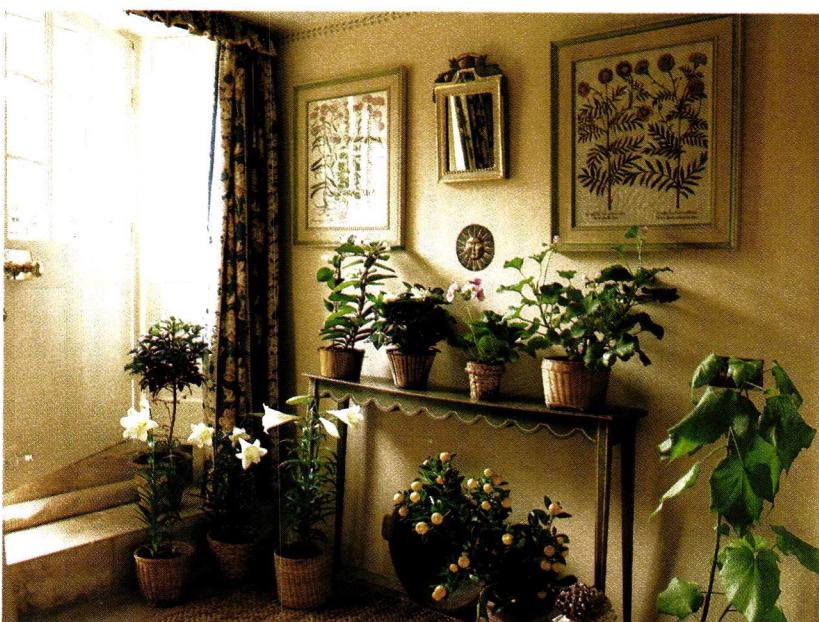
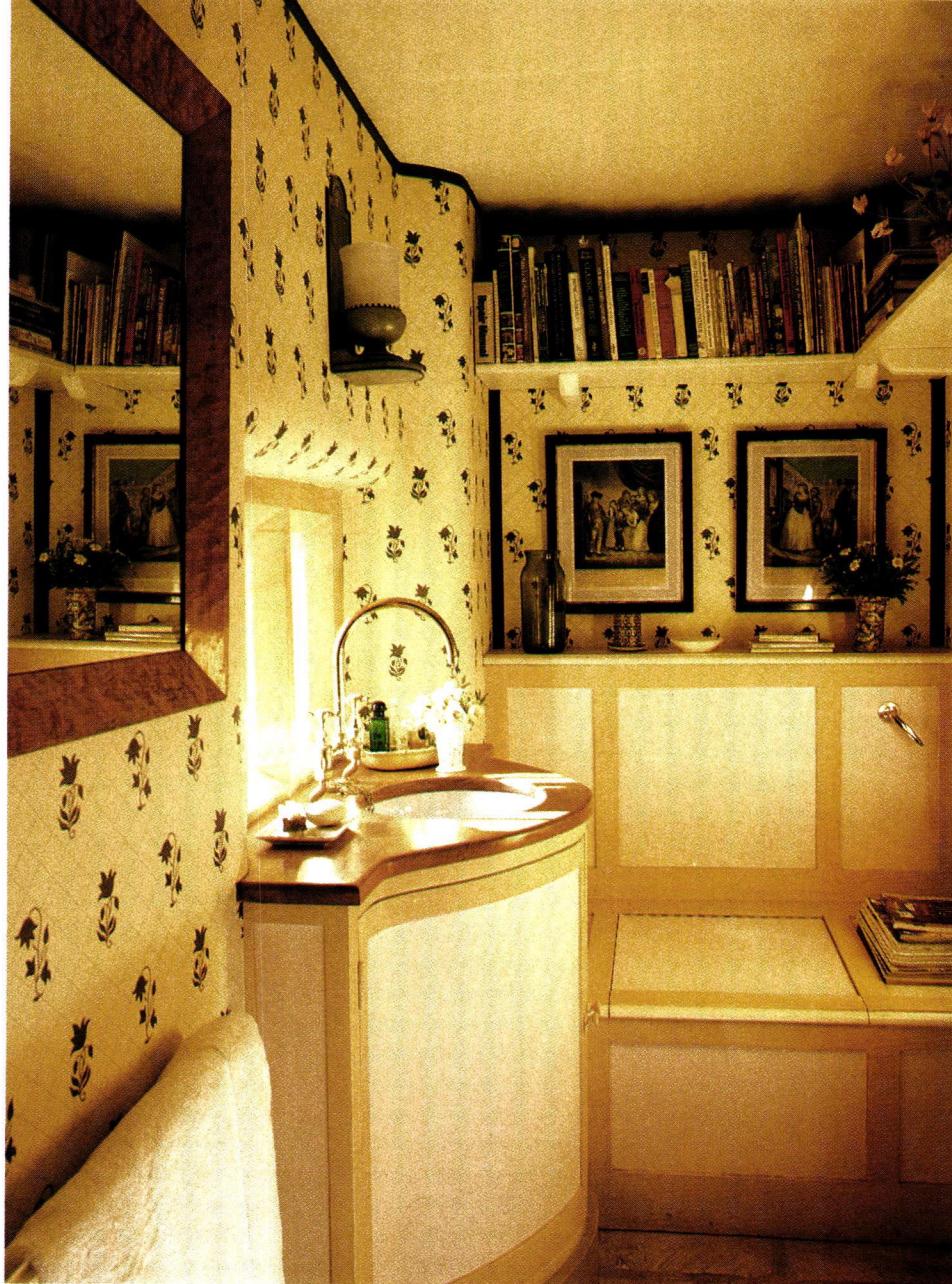
Such harmony is all the more remarkable when you are told that until quite recently half of the building simply wasn't there. Time-weathered though Tughill appears with its steeply gabled roof, its stable and outbuildings, not all of it has seen more than a handful of winters. Using reclaimed local stone, the "color of porridge with cream," and new stone from a nearby quarry where four hundred years ago the original builders of Tughill found their materials, Falconer has doubled the size of his house to add a dining room, kitchen, larder, hall, cloakroom, second staircase, bedroom, and bathroom. Even the little barn used as a garage is no older than the car that sits inside it.

The architectural sleight of hand is so successful that you might imagine yourself the object of a designer hoax if it were not for the photographs showing Tughill as a building site, the house dwarfed by a gargantuan digger. Inside, an antique fireplace, antique terra-cotta tiles, and the convincing unevenness of the thick plastered walls complete the illusion. Doors have been copied from originals, so have windows, shutters, skirtings, and beams.

It is no surprise to learn that Falconer started his career, in common with so many great decorators, as an antiques dealer. There followed a brief apprenticeship with the venerable firm of interior decorators Trollopés in Belgravia. Later he defected to Colefax & Fowler—"I realized we spoke the

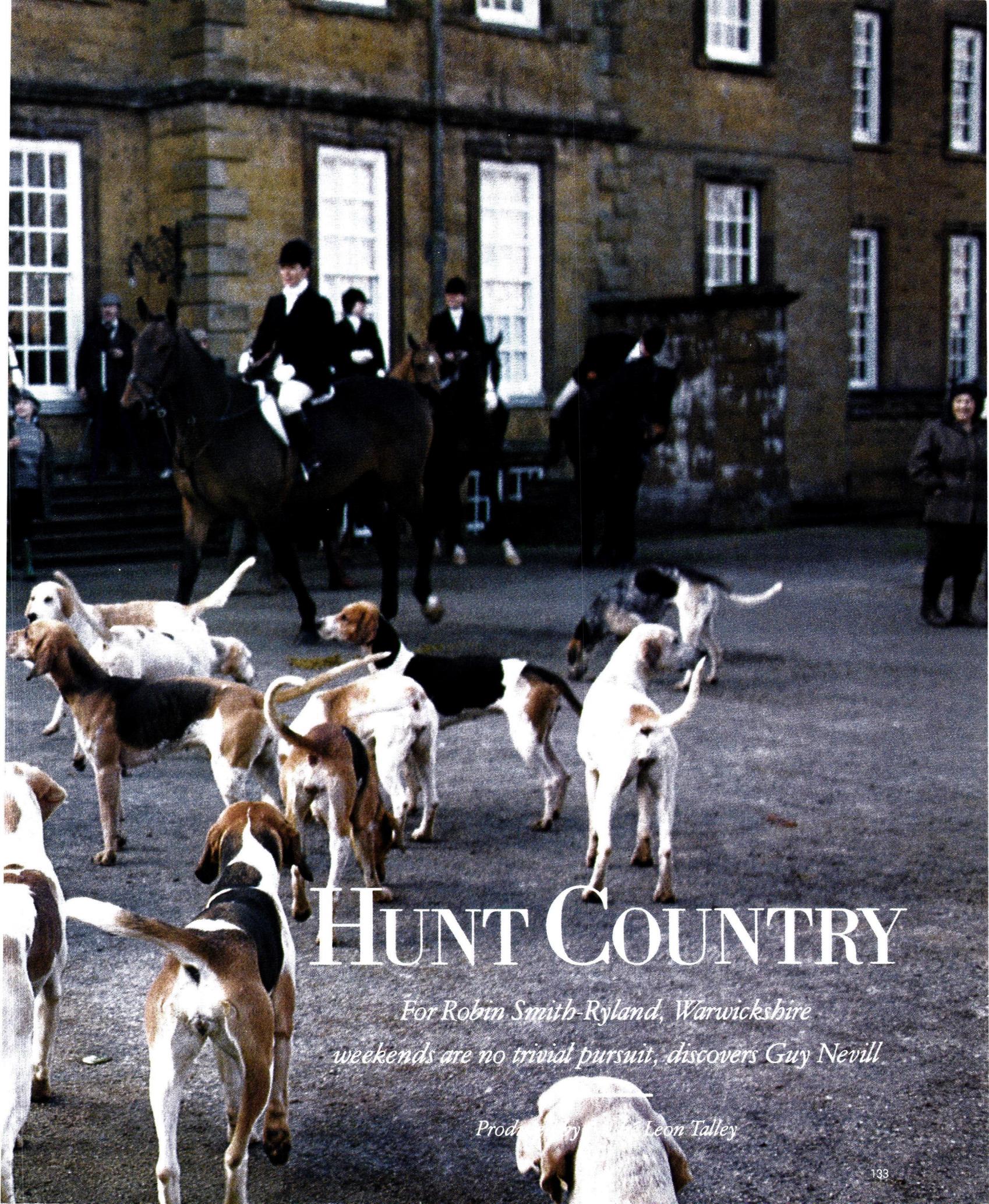
(Text continued on page 205)

The wood-paneled "thunderbox" lavatory and washbasin, above right. Right: The inner hall has a painted plant stand and mirror that once belonged to John Fowler. The walls, decorated with a simple stenciled frieze, display 17th-century Besler botanical prints.





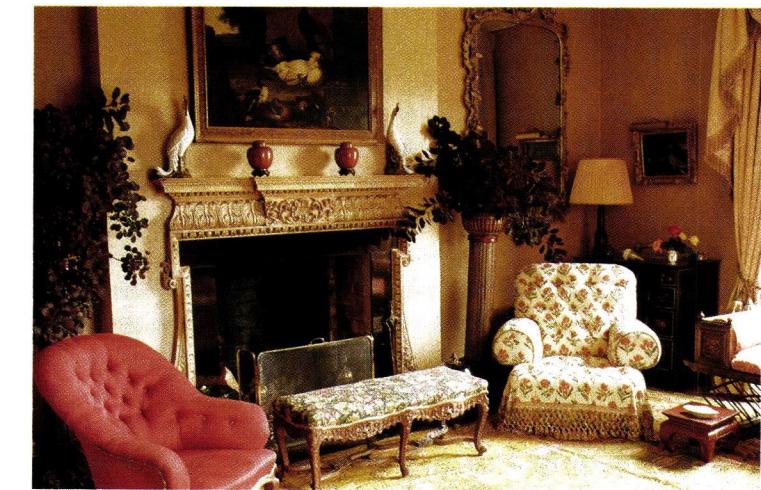
Huntsman Ralph Mankee, in left foreground, with his hounds at the traditional opening meet of the Warwickshire foxhounds at Upton House.



HUNT COUNTRY

*For Robin Smith-Ryland, Warwickshire
weekends are no trivial pursuit, discovers Guy Nevill*

Produced by Leon Talley



Robin Smith-Ryland, left, dressed in a swallow-tailed coat of hunting pink with Warwickshire Hunt buttons, buckskin breeches, and a black silk hat, outside his 16th-century farmhouse in Sherbourne. Above: In the drawing room an 18th-century chimneypiece is flanked by Indian columns and crowned by a Dutch still life of birds. **Opposite:** Red Valentino curtains, red-painted deck chairs from Peter Jones, 18th-century English doors Smith-Ryland's wife, Hélène, found in Paris, and two 18th-century French candelabra—Yves Saint Laurent's wedding present to the Smith-Rylands—add up to a bold look in the dining room. Details see Resources.

Robin Smith-Ryland is the archetypal Edwardian dandy. Heroic, wayward, and original, he has a wacky schoolboy arrogance and all the charm of a bygone era. He is the secretary of the Warwickshire Hunt, and it is this pursuit that is his passion. His ambition was to be master of this pack of hounds that hunts the backbone of England, covering some four hundred square miles with twelve hundred farmers. This past December he won the battle for the mastership for the next season.

Smith-Ryland is suited to rule. His father is the queen's representative in Warwickshire and farms thousands of acres at Sherbourne near Warwick. Educated at Eton and commissioned into the Coldstream Guards, Smith-Ryland learned how to manage men in anticipation of foxhounds. He then went to Cirencester Royal Agricultural College, for in England to manage a hunt is to rule a kingdom. "Fox hunting is the image of war without guilt," he says, although cynics might say the enemy cannot fight back.

For Smith-Ryland, dress is de rigueur: scarlet swallow-tailed coat made by Frank Hall of Market Harborough; his celebrated buckskin breeches once worn by Lord Fortescue in Lionel Edwards's famous painting of the Quorn; boots made by Lobb and expected to last a lifetime; and on his head one of the last black silk top hats of its kind made in England, a relic from crashing falls through bullfinches. Thus rigged, 35-year-old Smith-Ryland is ready for the meet.

Astride he cuts a dashing figure, riding three-quarter-bred hunters with the constitution to carry fourteen and a half stone. From November to April he hunts four



days a week across fields of wheat and grass and vale. Away from the field, Smith-Ryland watches intently as the huntsman draws from covert to covert. When the hounds have gone away, he takes his own line over the big timber and the wide Warwickshire hedges and ditches that loom black out of the mist.

Bonhomie on the hunting field is self-evident, and, scent permitting, the field enjoy their day. Above mud-splattered scarlet, weather-beaten faces beam while flasks are emptied and flanks sweat and heave. At dusk the huntsman blows for home. Horses are boxed; there is talk of the day as well as plenty of tea and whisky. Soda siphons squirt. Ribaldry is rife.

The other passion in Robin Smith-Ryland's life is his wife of three years, Paris-born Russian Baroness Hélène de Lüdinghausen. Dark, magnetic, and soignée, Hélène directs the couture at Yves Saint Laurent in Paris, commuting to Warwickshire on the weekend. The baroness claims to have been daunted when she first saw the plain pink-painted sixteenth-century farmhouse with its many subsequent additions, but not for long. She quickly began redecorating. The effect is Russian and not a little French. She brought eighteenth-century English fireplaces from London and doors from Paris, painted woodwork to match the maple furniture already there, and used heavily lined French cotton fabrics to create a warm atmosphere. Reds, pinks, and honey colors predominate in the house.

The dining room is very festive, with deep-hued red chintz Valentino curtains, two eighteenth-century candelabra (a wedding present from Yves Saint Laurent), and lots of Peter Jones deck chairs to seat the masses. In the sixteenth-century attic she converted into boudoir, office, and bathroom, Hélène used a red paisley Bousac print throughout. The resulting space is so cozy that they call it the Womb.

All over the farmhouse are signs of Hélène's decorating and love of clutter. A Ming horse vies with encrusted daggers from Oman, India, and Tibet. There are Kashmir shawls, leopard skins, Russian

An impressive collection of top hats, waistcoats, riding boots, gloves, and sporting regalia in the valeting room. Racks of whips and spurs share wall space with hunting prints.







Robin Smith-Ryland, left, in scarlet smoking jacket with Cottesmore facings and buttons, with his wife, Baroness Hélène de Ludginghausen, wearing Yves Saint Laurent. *Opposite:* A huge candy-twisted four-poster bed made from oak on the estate dominates the master bedroom. On the back wall, an icon given by the baroness's grandfather to his wife to celebrate the birth of Hélène's mother, Princess Xenia Scherbatoff.

royal memorabilia, banners from Rajas than, even a Thai elephant saddle used as a settee. Robin's presence can be felt in the many sporting paintings and photographs of himself on favorite horses; Spy cartoons, fox pads, and a fine hunting library. In contrast, the valeting room is a monument to law and order: gleaming boots; pink coats and waistcoats; jacks, pastes, and cleaning stuffs; rows of whips, spurs, straps, and leggings; dancing pumps and button ankle boots worn only at Ascot.

On Sundays the Smith-Rylands inspect the stables, visit the black Berkshire pig, and run the lurchers. There is the next day to plan and yesterday to clear up: fencing and gate-shutting; hedge-laying parties and earth stopping; hunting gates to be locked; damages to be repaired; and farmers to be cajoled, pacified, and visited. Now Robin's quest for the master ship is over. Intrigue and many candlelit Byzantine-like conferences took place to sort out squabbles and factions because Robin needed support, for there are those who might resent the wayward huntsman. Yet if the Warwickshire had not warmed to Smith-Ryland, he could have tried the more fashionable Quorn or Cottesmore country. For whatever happens, Robin feels sure he was born to be master of men and foxhounds. ♦

(For hunting information see Resources.)







In the drawing room, left, eight unframed portraits of a 17th-century Franco-Italian family, unified by a gilded ornament, hang above the sofa with antique tapestry cushions. A late 18th century Italian painting has been transformed into the table. Right: Fortuny-covered chairs flank a French mantelpiece and a 19th-century French floral watercolor. Details see Resources.



CHELSEA COLLECTOR

Picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen applies her gift for display to her converted carriage house

BY JONATHAN ETRA

*Pictures are her
philosopher's stone,
transmuting an
insignificant wall
into the rare
and wonderful*



It's the last remaining village green in central London," explains antique-picture dealer Stephanie Hoppen, locating herself in time and space. We are in Gainsborough's London, in *Tom Jones*, or, better yet, *Pamela*, tranquil and secure. Hoppen's step through time, however, was painstakingly achieved; her home, an eighteenth-century mews house, was retrieved from near-fatal modernization. "It needed a lot of work," she says. In the dining room, for example, she retained an "amazing man" to lay the floor of Belgian oak, piece by piece, nail by nail.

The effort was well spent. "I tried to create something cozy, comfortable," says Hoppen, who feels that home is the ultimate retreat, an antidote to the frenzy of life. The master bedroom, for example, "has wonderful light, very warm, with a golden feeling about it," she says, waxing lyric. "You're in central London, but it seems a million miles from anywhere." The color scheme is subdued, indeed colorless, no chintz. There is the cream wool-covered chaise, and the bed—submerged in heaps of antique linen, hand-embroidered sheets and pillowcases—is a nest of white. Hoppen adores antique linen and has a lady in Yorkshire who scours the country unearthing it. Hoards of the stuff—hand-embroidered with flowers



The entirely blue-and-white dining room, above, with Hoppen's Worcester and Chinese export porcelain collection on the walls and in the cupboard. A table draped in antique lace and linen displays a Staffordshire dinner service, c. 1895, from Ford & Sons and Bristol Blue goblets. Opposite above: A collection of blue-and-white porcelain tea caddies, silver, and crystal create a novel window treatment. Opposite below: Antique white linens cover the bed and side tables, formed by stacked lawyer's deed boxes. On the wall Portuguese painted leather panels were part of an 18th-century screen. In the foreground, a floral crewelwork rug.

and coats of arms—which were never used have been found in hope chests. There are stains from age at the folds, but the linen washes out white and fluffy.

If upstairs is calm, downstairs is all activity. Hoppen is an advocate of clutter: "The minimal look is not me." Pictures are in absolute control of the walls, not a centimeter escapes. "I've always been obsessed with pictures. You can never have too many." She does, however, have preferences: "I love faces, interiors, flowers, anything unusual." And she sees nothing incongruous about mixing styles—having a sixteenth-century portrait next to a modern still life next to a nineteenth-century architectural print or Bakst costume design. Pictures are her philosopher's stone, transmuting an insignificant wall into the rare and wonderful. "Pictures pull a house together," Hoppen exclaims, as if to impress upon us the need to fill our own walls at once. In fact, she is currently writing a book on decorating with pictures for Clarkson N. Potter. Her conclusion: there are no rules.

Hoppen's love of pictures intimately ties her homelife to her work. Although she



earned a law degree, no shred of legal inclination remains in her. She is entirely a creature of art, with galleries in London, Toronto, and New York. "I buy from a personal standpoint, stock only what I like," she explains, pointing to a small lush portrait of a nineteenth-century Oriental actor, then to a primitive landscape that was painted by a retired plowman.

A quickly darting figure with dark yellow hair shadowing a soft angular face, Hoppen claims to be an ascetic. Her favorite clothes are blue jeans and sweaters. She prefers simple food—fresh fruit, bread, shellfish. If she entertains, it is at home with friends at a casual dinner in her blue-and-white dining room, the colors perfectly matching her collection of Worcester and Chinese export porcelain.

Her children live in London. A daughter is a successful decorator. A son is an antiques dealer and photographer. "We don't compete," she assures. "But we all like old things." Thus we leave Stephanie Hoppen, safe in a green corner of London, her house a living exemplar of a simpler way of life. ■ *Editor: Judy Brittain*



An upholstered chaise in cream wool and a huge silver gilt-framed Italian chair, above, provide a comfortable corner in the bedroom. The Dutch bombé chest dates to 1700. Opposite above:

An 18th-century fruitwood commode supports a miniature of Queen Elizabeth I—a 19th-century copy of the original at Hatfield House. Opposite below: A *trompe l'oeil* summer board of blue-and-white ginger jars conceals the hearth. Fortuny fabric covers the French dining chairs.



MASTER OF CABINETRY

*George Bullock, the
great Regency furniture
maker, rediscovered*

Every so often in the decorative arts a major figure comes suddenly to the fore after decades, even centuries, of neglect. Inevitably that happens not just because of the intrinsic quality of the artist's work but because it speaks in very contemporary terms once again. In the decorative arts no figure has enjoyed a more dramatic or deserving revival during the past few years than George Bullock, the English Regency cabinetmaker whose pieces are now among the most coveted on the international antiques market.

Nineteenth-century furniture in general and Regency furniture in particular have exceptional appeal to the eighties sensibility. Regency seems at once Classical and contemporary, graphic and yet romantic, imposing but practical for the way many people want to live now. Some Regency designs can be dainty in proportion and finicky in detailing, but that was never true of Bullock. He was to furniture what Sir John Soane (in whose circle he moved) was to architecture. Both men were maverick innovators who took the basic forms and motifs of Classicism and transformed them into something so original and powerful that their work stands alone in its period.

In effect they were Modernists before their time, cutting through the claptrap of history and memory with a force we can understand as though they were designing today. One sign of that is James Stirling's enthusiasm for Bullock. A pioneering collector of offbeat English furniture of the highest quality, Britain's most important contemporary architect was onto Bullock well ahead of the pack and now owns several magnificent examples.

Like many of the unjustly obscure in the annals of art, Bullock was forgotten largely because of his early death, at age 35. Although his independent career lasted less than fifteen years, he was exceptionally productive. But rather than spin off endless repetitive pieces for sale on speculation, Bullock tended to concentrate on a few very large commissions for fitting up entire houses. This too led to posthumous oblivion. A few of his major projects remained intact for so (*Text continued on page 206*)



George Bullock, top left, by Joseph Allen, 1808, designed the dazzling dwarf cabinet, above, c. 1817. It combines larchwood and ebony with brass inlays and mounts, and a top of British marble. It is now touring the U.S. in the "Treasures from the Fitzwilliam Museum" show.





Napoleon's footstool, above, part of the house Bullock fully outfitted for the exiled emperor on Saint Helena in 1815.



Powerful mahogany side chair, below, now owned by the British architect James Stirling.



Rosewood sofa table, above, and detail, right, enriched by Bullock's characteristic brass inlays.



Although Bullock's designs are strong enough to make their presence felt individually, he was fortunate to receive several large commissions not just for whole rooms but entire houses. Among them were New Longwood House, the British luxury prison for Napoleon on Saint Helena; a Gothic castle for the Marquess of Cholmondeley; and Tew Park, Oxfordshire. His furniture for Tew Park, opposite, remained there until 1987, when the largest known hoard of Bullock works was auctioned off by Christie's.



BEST LAID PLAN

Gertrude Jekyll's brilliant planting and Edwin Lutyens's architectural mastery make Hestercombe a superb example of collaborative garden design, say Michael Van Valkenburgh and Carol Doyle Van Valkenburgh

Silvery plants like *Nepeta mussinii*, dwarf lavender, pinks, and santolina cascade down walls and creep up steps at Hestercombe, softening the garden's formal stone structure. Some were planted; some are the wind-borne surprises that delighted Gertrude Jekyll.





tween house and garden indicate his desire to relate the new gardens to the surrounding landscape rather than to the house.

He stepped his new garden down the hillside in a series of deep terraces joined by extensive stairways, centering its main element, called the Great Plat, directly below and in front of the original terrace. The main walkways in this recessed parterre radiate diagonally from the center to stairs in the four corners. Thus, he draws one's attention away from the house, focusing it instead on a series of views of other elements of the garden and animating those views by revealing them from unexpected angles. This main garden is joined, without awkward spaces, to a series of smaller gardens near the orangery by a masonry rotunda at the southeast corner of the house which works as a kind of hinge or pivot point.

Lutyens's pergola at the southern end of the parterre has been criticized as an effort to separate his landscape from its surroundings. But the opposite is true: by removing some of the columns and their connecting beams, he opened up vistas to the distant landscape as part of a sequence of movement through the garden. The view across the circular pools, along the rills, and over the tanks to the farm fields is extraordinary. The bays of the pergola frame and hold the distant Somerset hills, and the water tanks appear poised and capable of irrigating the fields below. The decision to open up the pergola to this spectacular vista seems to have been made late in the design stages and possibly on site. At the ends of the pergola, oval windows have been cut into the enclosing masonry wall to provide a glimpse into the next landscape. Lutyens used such devices throughout Hestercombe to connect the garden spaces to one another.

In this remarkable garden the masterful hand and vivid imagination of Gertrude Jekyll created exquisite plantings perfectly attuned to Edwin Lutyens's superb sense of space, proportion, and detail. Hestercombe, stark yet sensual, sets a standard rarely surpassed for collaborative brilliance. ■

Editor: Senga Mortimer

The view from the original terrace embraces both the Great Plat—the main parterre with its diagonal paths, vine-covered pergola, and flanking water rills—and fields and hills of Somerset.

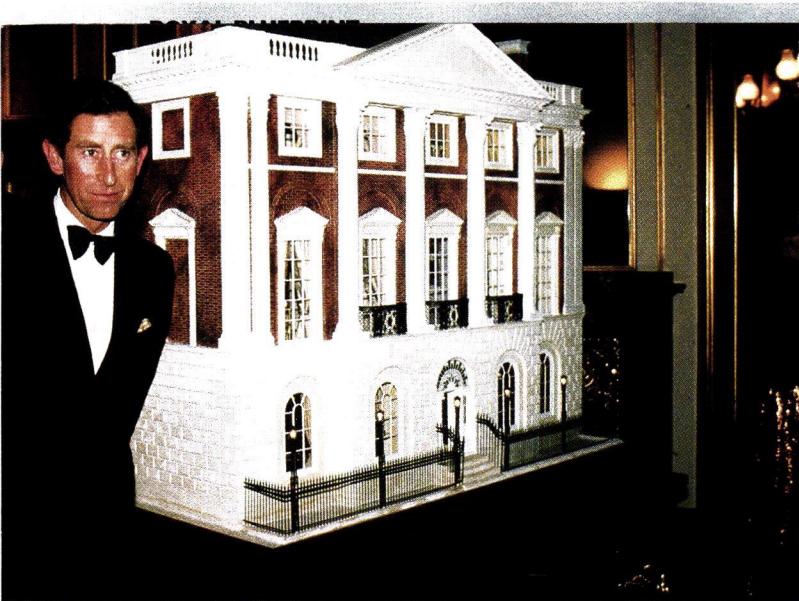








The peonies and low-hanging *Clematis montana* create a favorite Jekyll "garden picture." Opposite: Lively play of architecture and plants beyond the wisteria-draped arch invites the visitor to investigate.



“I’m accused of wanting to return to the past, to a kind of glorified Disneyland. That’s not the case at all”

family (except his nonpracticing Modernist architect cousin, the Duke of Gloucester) has been interested enough in architecture to have inspired him into the closest thing he'll have to a career until he mounts the throne. It was as a university student at Cambridge in the late sixties that he found his calling. While the rest of his generation was becoming more radical, he became more reactionary. Although he had to be dissuaded from joining the Labour Club while an undergraduate, his populism is rooted in royal condescension. Prince Charles has been portrayed as a kind of aging hippie, but his outlook is antiquarian rather than Aquarian.

At Cambridge the impressionable young prince fell under the sway of the Peterhouse Set, a coterie of architectural, theological, and social conservatives at Peterhouse College, which he gravitated toward while he attended the more liberal Trinity College. Guru of the so-called Young Fogeys at Peterhouse is the architectural historian David Watkin, author of the revisionist anti-Modernist tract *Morality and Architecture* and teacher of a new generation of commentators who support the prince's pronouncements. Prince Charles's recent outspokenness came as a great surprise to many because he had maintained a relatively low profile until the landmark RIBA address. He then and there took up the role of royal curmudgeon which his boorish and competitive father, Prince Philip, created a generation ago, making often outrageous but always quotable comments on the decline and fall of the British.

Flushed with the success that came via the very news media he otherwise disdains, Prince Charles quickly became a

force to be reckoned with, the de facto Minister for Architecture of the United Kingdom. Yet unlike most critics, his power is not merely opinion: architects and developers now standardly vet their proposed building schemes with the prince to prevent the damaging impact of his well-publicized disapproval. Although he avows that his chief objective has been to “create discussion about the design of the built environment, to rekindle an alert awareness of our surroundings,” Prince Charles in fact has been exercising a very effective form of high-handed design censorship, an aggrandizement of British royal privilege unparalleled in modern times.

Actually, there is not much of a case to be made in favor of contemporary architecture in Great Britain, and it might be said that the Prince of Wales has chosen a large and easy target. The profession's present leading lights—James Stirling, Richard Rogers, and Norman Foster—are rarely employed in their own country and have received most of their important commissions from abroad. What has been built in England in recent years is of a far lower standard than most current architecture on the Continent. But the longer history of Modernism in Britain has been a proud one, and such innovative engineers and architects as Thomas Telford, Sir Joseph Paxton, Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Charles Rennie Mackintosh, and the planners of the Garden City Movement stand as tall in the annals of British design as those incomparable Classicists Jones, Wren, Hawksmoor, Adam, and Soane. There are several Britains when it comes to architecture, but Prince Charles has chosen to focus on the validity of only one.

This was abundantly clear in his TV

show, followed by a five-part series, *Visions of Britain*, which also included installments on Rogers and the apostle of England's conservative Classicists, Quinlan Terry. Only minutes into his film, the prince declared that “sometime during this century something went wrong,” a fact indisputable to anyone who has lived through even part of it. “For various reasons,” he went on, “we allowed terrible damage to be inflicted on parts of this country's unique landscape.”

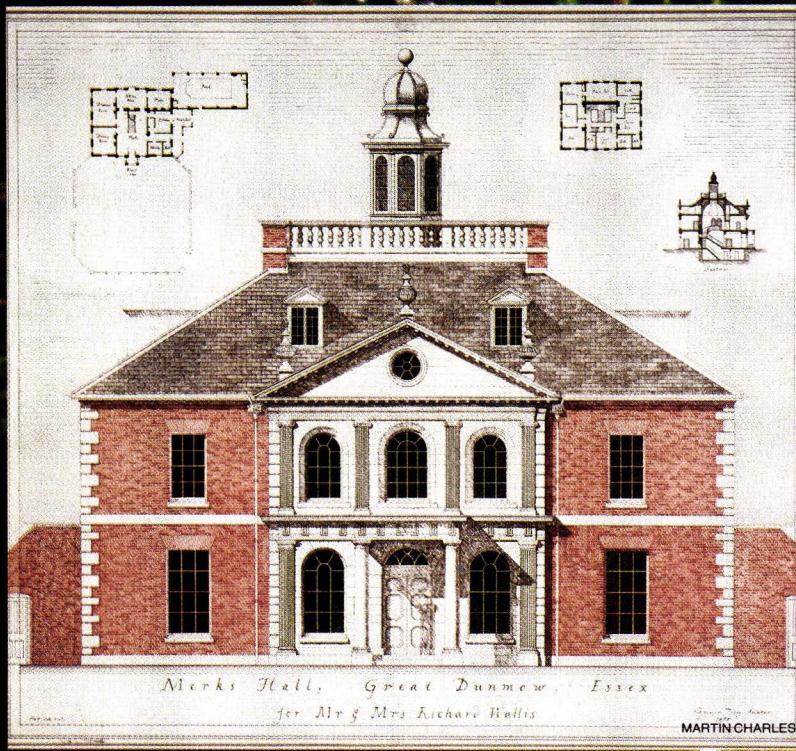
Those various reasons, left unspecified by the prince, included the appalling poverty and degradation rife in the cities of the world's first industrialized society, the devastation wreaked by the Nazis during World War II, and the need to solve as quickly and economically as possible the desperate housing, health, and educational needs of the nation in the wake of the Depression and the Blitz. There was something unforgivably insensitive about the tanned and immaculately dressed Prince of Wales sitting in the ravishing garden of Highgrove, his Gloucestershire country estate, and intoning about Glasgow's Gorbals, one of the worst slums of Victorian Britain: “The tenements had not been so bleak as their reputation suggested.”

Gossip magazines have made a tidy trade in rumors (*Text continued on page 206*)

HOPE AND GLORY

Prince Charles with an architectural model in the style he favors, above left, and in the robes of the Order of the Bath, opposite left. Opposite right: England's most controversial structure of the eighties, Lloyd's of London by Richard Rogers, “needs a solid brick wall and a slate roof,” says Quinlan Terry.





A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Quinlan Terry, right, defender of an ancient architectural creed, bicycles to work from Higham Hall, his Georgian house built about 1810. Inset above: Merks Hall, an Essex country house Terry completed in 1986.



“Modernism is satanic,” architect Quinlan Terry believes. Martin Filler asks Prince Charles’s favorite Classicist why

TERRY KEEPER OF THE FAITH

Dedham is the kind of idyllic English village every American dreams of—and every Englishman as well. It is not surprising to learn that two of the most English of all English artists, John Constable and Sir Alfred Munnings, were attracted to this picturesque Essex town, for the pastoral landscapes that surround it are like their most familiar paintings come to life. But now another of the arts is bringing visitors to Dedham: its most famous current resident is Quinlan Terry, the controversial Classical revivalist whose backward-looking designs have paradoxically become the newest thing in British architecture.

Although the 51-year-old Terry has been quietly keeping the flame of Classicism alive in Dedham for over 25 years, only recently has he become known outside a small circle of anti-Modernist fanatics. At first deemed little more than an eccentric anachronism in a time of extreme stylistic upheaval, Terry is at last being taken quite seriously for attitudes that just a few years ago earned him little more than bemused smiles and upturned eyes. Now he is no laughing matter.

One major factor in Terry’s newfound stature is the patronage of the Prince of Wales, leader of the English reaction against Modernism and champion of a return to the (Text continued on page 207)



MLINARIC NOW AND THEN

From parties in the swinging sixties to historical restorations in the eighties, Malise Ruthven traces the career of the London decorator

His friends still call him Monster, a nickname that dates from the 1960s when he wore shoulder-length hair and clothes from Hung on You. Its precise origins are obscure; no one seems sure if it derived from his somewhat exotic appearance or from his allegedly fierce temper. In either event the nickname stuck, partly because of its obvious irony: David Mlinaric is a neat, precise, modest man with a quiet charm and exquisite manners whose lifelong mission has been to create order and elegance out of chaos and ugliness. Yet there may also be some deeper truth lurking behind the name, a suggestion that his personality might have a Manichaean streak: the iron discipline and self-control, the constant aspiration to perfection could be the obverse of a wild passionate nature inherited from his Slavic ancestors. Many of David's friends from the sixties were extravagant people.

h a p s h e l o v e d them—as he loves them still—because their chaos confirmed his sense of order, their romantic exuberance his penchant for classical austerity.

Now age fifty, approaching midcareer, David Mlinaric is by general consent Britain's top decorator. His clients include the National

Trust, the Foreign Office, and a diverse selection of Britain's richest men, including John Aspinall, Sir James Goldsmith, Sebastian de Ferranti, Jacob Rothschild, and Mick Jagger. Since most of David's long-time clients are friends—and loyalty to his friends, regardless of their circumstances, is one of his most endearing characteristics—newcomers may

be told they will have to wait two to three years before he can turn his attention to them. This is the main reason, he says, why he does so little work on the west side of the Atlantic, where few people are prepared to wait.

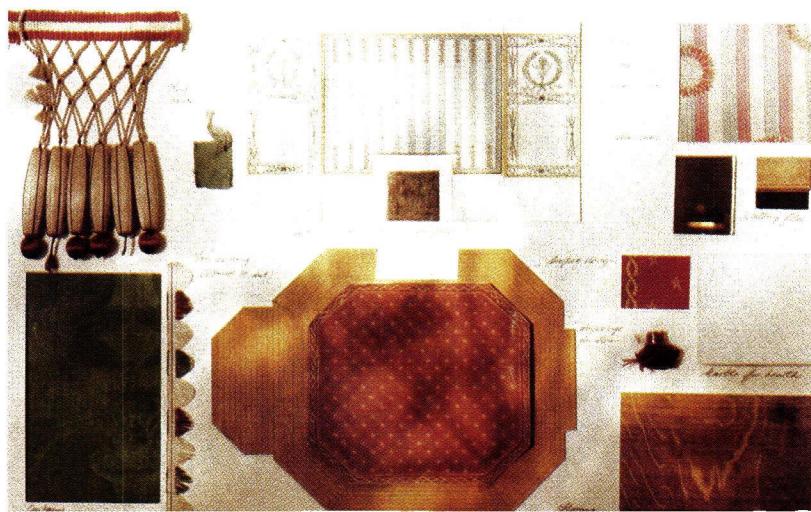
For David Mlinaric the sixties still retain

their magical afterglow. His first big break came in 1965 with the commission to design a pavilion of orange and yellow ribbons and an Art Nouveau bandstand for a dance in the London garden of his friends the Ormsby-Gores, children of the late Lord Harlech, Britain's ambassador to Washington and confidant of John F. Kennedy. It was one of those parties people still remember at which royalty, the Rolling Stones, Eric Clapton, and dukes danced—or at least rubbed shoulders—in what promised to be a new, less stuffy, less socially stratified England. Mlinaric is one of the era's great survivors.

In David's case the hippie image was always misleading. He might for a time be the soul of a party; but unlike most of his peers he had to get up in the morning. Apart from the need to earn money, he had a strong sense of obligation to those clients—often the parents of friends—who had been kind enough, as he saw it, to give him work. David's conscientiousness, the quiet ambition that set him apart from his contemporaries, was probably rooted in his background. His father landed in England from Slovenia (later part of Yugoslavia) around 1910 while immigrating to the United States.

Robbed of all his money and possessions at Victoria Station, he found work as a furrier and eventually attained a position of considerable prosperity with a shop in Bond Street, a house in Twickenham, and a Rolls-Royce. David was sent to Downside, an exclusive Catholic boarding school run by Benedictine

David Mlinaric, opposite, is currently restoring what he considers the "best painted room in England," in London's 18th-century Spencer House. Mirrors and painted panels were removed for the duration, and the walls hung with polyethylene. Below: A collage of designs and colorings for a London house.



monks where he met several of his lifelong aristocratic friends, including Baron Piers von Westenholz, his first partner, and Lord Gormanston, an Irishman whose activities in the sixties and seventies were regularly featured in the gossip columns.

Downside made a lasting impression—particularly the Abbey Church, a fine Victorian Gothic building designed by Gilbert Scott. “I was always glad to go there,” says David, “because I enjoyed the architecture so much. I would trace the lines over and over again, the ups and downs of the columns, the vaulting of the roof. I liked the ritual and the grammar of the building, the way things balanced each other, as well as the odd curiosity, like the cardinal’s hat hanging above his tomb, or the altar cloth made out of one of the czar’s coronation robes.”

David’s feeling for architecture—his greatest strength as a designer—was scarcely enhanced by a year at the Bartlett School of Architecture in London where he enrolled in 1957 at the age of eighteen, though he benefited, he says, from drawing elevations of the Parthenon. It was the heyday of Modernism, when Corbu and Mies were gods, and the Bauhaus was still Valhalla; pupils were being brainwashed into designing the blocks and towers that would soon disfigure Britain’s cities. Unsympathetic to the architectural zeitgeist, David switched to the Bartlett School of Decoration where he learned the “good old Beaux-Arts principle” of seeing by drawing.

If he became a rebel, it was as part of an elitist rebellion, spearheaded by John Betjeman, against an Establishment which

was itself iconoclastic as well as philistine, tearing down ancient streets and vandalizing an urban fabric that had grown up over many generations. It was a poor time for design in Britain. The style favored by youth was Coffee Bar Contemporary: mud-colored walls with bright orange sofas, boomerang-shaped tables with splayed legs. At the

1988

Above the fireplace in the Mlinarics’ drawing room (once his studio), a Rex Whistler painting of Mrs. Mlinaric’s mother and aunt. Beneath the mezzanine bedroom area, a set of sepia drawings of ancient English sites. The 18th-century chairs retain original needlepoint under their checked slipcovers.



He deplores the way certain decorators



busy their rooms in chintz curtains and deep-pile carpets

1981

The Bow Room at Castle Coole has been restored to its Regency splendor. Mlinaric had the chinoiserie fabric rewoven from an original fragment.



1975

At Thorpe Hall, Mlinaric created a comfortable sitting room for what was once his country house.





1986

Engravings, portraits, silhouettes, and marble busts line the wood-paneled corridor in Jacob Rothschild's office.



1988

Dining room walls were stippled a French mustard color to complement the client's collection of modern and Eskimo art. Above the table is a Gothic oil lamp chandelier by Anthony Salvin.



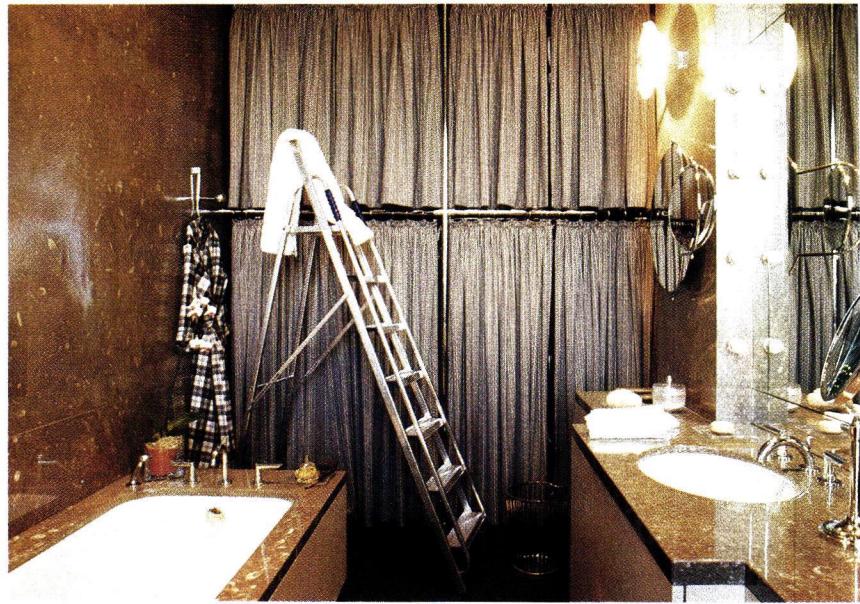
1980

Always attentive to detail, Mlinaric had the architectural panels in the dining hall at Magdalene College, Cambridge, restored to their original green color.



1978

In a wood-paneled anteroom at Beningbrough Hall, Yorkshire, blue-and-white Chinese export china is clustered above the chimneypiece.



1988

Mlinaric placed a ladder in the bathroom of a client's London mansion flat so that she could open the top level of the double-tiered curtained cupboards.



1972

A Welsh dresser filled with china and other supplies, wooden ceiling beams, a checked tablecloth, and a brick floor give a rustic look to the kitchen at Thorpe Hall.

1988

The upstairs seafood bar at the Savoy Hotel is as informal as a continental seaside café with its red-and-white awning ceiling.



Newcomers may be told they will have to wait two to three years for Mlinaric



1984

Mlinaric indulged his passion for authenticity by re-creating the original Empire damask in the yellow salon of the British embassy in Paris.

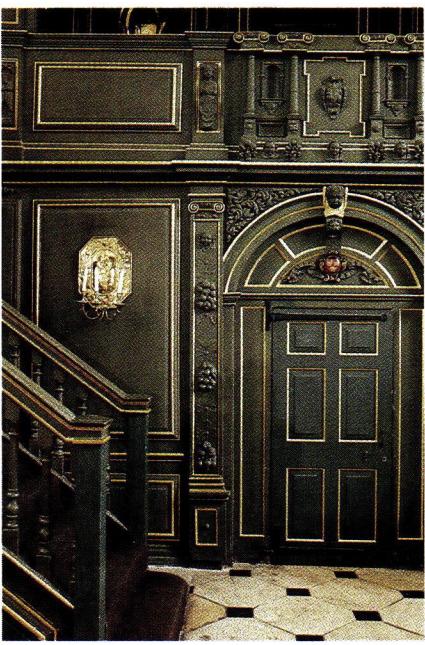
other end of the spectrum, classicism had descended into unthinking pastiches of traditional English style which depended more on draperies than on good architectural "bones." After a year and a half with Michael Inchbald—from whom he learned the importance of planning—and a spell in the office of architect Dennis Lennon, David set up on his own with his friend Piers von Westenholz. With £800 in capital and a secondhand station wagon, they rented John Singer Sargent's old studio in Tite Street, Chelsea, decorating it with dark red walls, bright red curtains, and gilt mirrors "bought for a song" in the salesrooms. Desmond and Mariga Guinness, founders of the Irish Georgian Society, were an important influence at this time. Their castle at Leixlip near Dublin showed what could be done with a lot of flair and relatively little money—"a few bits of silk, a bunch of ostrich feathers, and a splash of paint," as David puts it. Leixlip seemed far more exciting than the more expensive and studied interiors he saw in London, though he well knew that the effect of spontaneity, Mariga's hallmark, was much more difficult to achieve than appeared at first sight.

David's first clients were mostly "young business people who had just bought a flat in Cadogan Square and wanted it done up." Their budgets rarely extended beyond paints and fabrics, and cheap ones at that: "Our palette was emulsion paint and Indian cotton." Nevertheless, his special way with paint, his use of subtle tones to bring out a building's architectural qualities, his insistence on ripping out partitions and restoring rooms to their original proportions brought him to the attention of the National Trust. A major breakthrough was Millichope Park in Shropshire, a Greek Revival house that had been a school during World War II and was being converted back for family use. John Cornforth, *Country Life*'s architectural writer and an influential member of the National Trust, was particularly impressed by David's use of color in a hall that rises through two and a half stories, "making sense out of a difficult architectural space." A commission for the Trust soon followed: Beningbrough Hall in Yorkshire, a fine eighteenth-century house with problems similar to Millichope's which was being prepared as an outstation for London's National Portrait Gallery. In 1977, after the death of John Fowler, Da-



1980

In the hall at Magdalene College, Mlinaric edged panels in gold to echo the splendid wall brackets.



1988

vid was the natural choice to succeed him as adviser to the National Trust. He is the only decorator in England, says Cornforth, who seriously concerns himself with the problems of restoration.

The Mlinaric look may be described as understated elegance, implying that a room, however recently decorated, has always been that way. It is justly prized by those who wish to create the effect of effortless respectability. David's most recent finished work—apart from Mick Jagger's exquisite little château on the Loire—is the astonishing Palladian replica, modeled on the Villa Rotonda, built by Quinlan Terry and Julian Bicknell for Sebastian de Ferranti, the electronics magnate.

David's painstaking methods and his determination to remain small (he employs a permanent staff of only eight, most of whom have been with him for years) means that he completes only two or three jobs a year. Though he lives comfortably in London with his wife, Martha, who looks after the firm's books, and three children, by far the greatest part of his fee is absorbed by the army of craftsmen he insists on employing—the specialist painters, carvers, plasterers, and carpenters. Indeed, he is largely responsible for the revival of craft skills that had all but disappeared in England—an achievement, he says, that gives him more pleasure than anything else. □

Editors: Jacqueline Gonnet, Judy Brittain

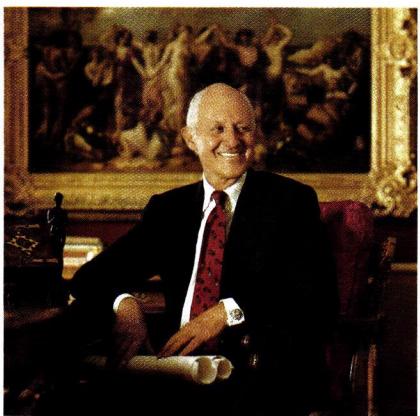
In the kitchen of a client's London flat, left, a polished sea of glass, granite, and wood. The overall effect is of a luxury liner. Above: Work in careful progress at Spencer House.

1978

A view of the majestic two-story entrance hall, right, with its Georgian decoration at Beningbrough.







VICTORIAN FANTASY

*Lord Glenconner
refurbished his London
house in the manner of
the Victorian Tennants*

BY DAVID OGILVY

Appropriately, on the day I visited Hill Lodge Lord and Lady Glenconner were preparing for a party. By their standards it was a modest one—drinks for their daughters Amy and May and their school friends—but preparations were nonetheless fastidious. Lord Glenconner was busy arranging flowers with the concentration of a set designer. In fact, the whole house had the air of expectancy you find in a theater shortly before the performance begins.

Lord Glenconner, better known as Colin Tennant, is an old hand at theatricality and entertaining. His parties in both London and the Caribbean have long been a focus



The ceramic mantel, c. 1870, in the drawing room is one of only three made by Maw & Co. John Stefanidis designed Bronzino fabric at windows. Above left: Lord Glenconner sits in the library before William Etty's *The Homeric Dance*, 1841. In his lap, plans for his Saint Lucia resort. Details see Resources.





A Pugin sofa sets a genteel mood in the library, *left and opposite*, for which Stefanidis invented Gothic bookcases. Gilt pelmet is Victorian. Atop the Regency Gothic desk are accessories made for Lord Glenconner's great-grandfather, Sir Charles Tennant. Meissen jaybird is by Kaendler. *Below:* Regency chairs in dining room were collected by Lord Glenconner's grandmother. Centerpiece is an 18th-century Sceaux cabbage.

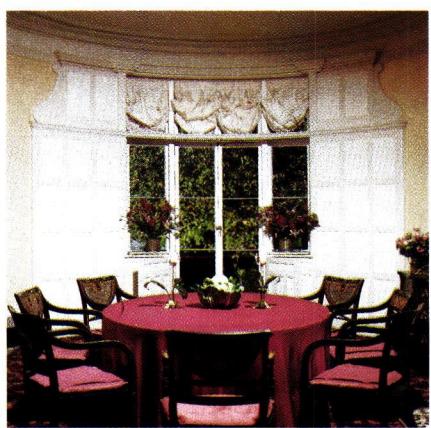
The style is more usually seen in museums than in private houses, and it is this unfamiliarity that creates its startling effect

of attention for the English press. Princess Margaret, Mick Jagger, and other socialites and celebrities own villas on Lord Glenconner's holiday island of Mustique or visit it frequently, and a crowd is sure to follow him to the Jalousie Plantation, his new resort on Saint Lucia.

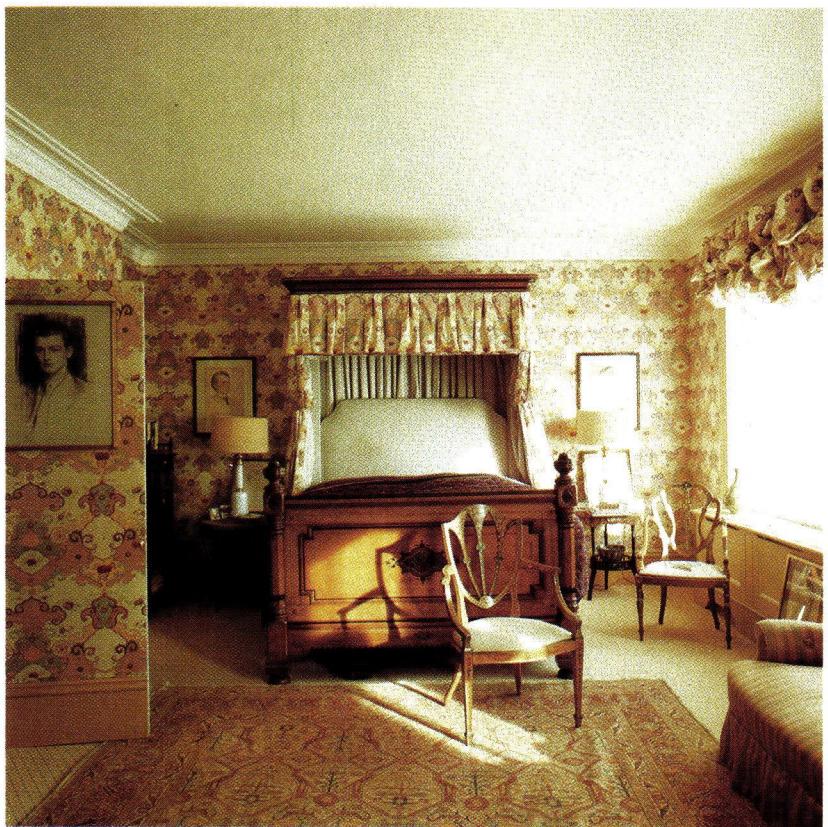
The Tennant family, however, has its roots in a very different world from the one they now occupy. Like the Du Ponts in the United States, the Tennants in Scotland amassed a great fortune in the chemical industry. By the 1830s they were emblematic of the new European bourgeoisie, with one foot in Scottish Protestant ethics and

the other in limitless capitalism. Hill Lodge is a curious homily to this great period of emergent wealth.

The house was built in 1841 as a late Regency villa, possibly for the developer of Campden Hill Square, on a steep hill in Kensington. In contrast to the typical town house on the square, it might just as well be found in an English country town. Lord Glenconner's mother, who now lives in one of the attached cottages, bought the house in 1948 as a London family residence with few affectations. Lord Glenconner wanted to reinvent the house, but rather than disguise its nouveau origins, he



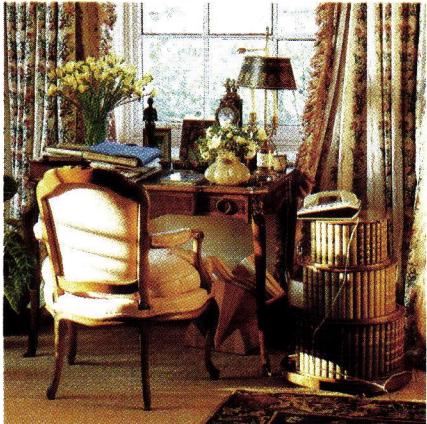




A mid-Victorian half tester in Lord Glenconner's bedroom, above, is flanked by portraits of his parents by Strang. On the door, Sargent's drawing of his father. Lady Anne's sitting room, below, is a non-Victorian haven, as is her bedroom, opposite. Stefanidis's settee and footboard fabric is based on the needlework carpet. On chiffonier, Meissen, Wemyss ware.

decided to exaggerate them. Just as the Victorians used the Gothic style to express fantasies of their past, so he, with designer John Stefanidis, used Victorian bourgeois taste to express his.

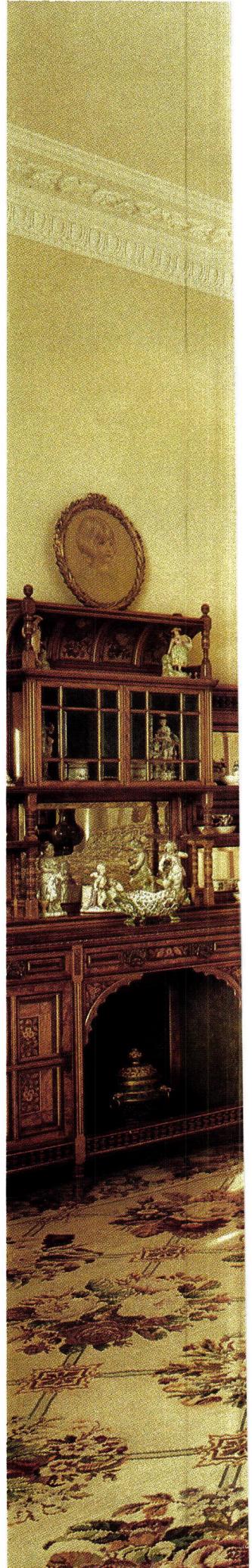
Lord Glenconner deliberately used new materials wherever possible to impart the bourgeois quality he chose to extol. For example, the carpets, which set the tone for the main rooms, are from a London firm established in 1780. The firm had kept all its designs since then, and Lord Glenconner and Stefanidis duly chose two from the 1840s or '50s. The result is striking if not startling; we are more accustomed to seeing faded



and worn Victorian furnishings than new and radiant ones. In pride of place on either side of the ceramic fireplace in the drawing room hang dour portraits of the Tennant of the period and his wife, and family objects and furniture also ground the historical fantasy. But Lord Glenconner admits to growing restless once something is finished, and he is always looking to perfect some detail. His other antidote to restlessness is to use the house for what it seems best for—entertaining. As I left, he eagerly resumed preparations for the party, the set designer putting on the final touches before curtain up. ♦ *Editor: Judy Brittain*

and worn Victorian furnishings than new and radiant ones.

In pride of place on either side of the ceramic fireplace in the drawing room hang dour portraits of the Tennant of the period and his wife, and family objects and furniture also ground the historical fantasy. But Lord Glenconner admits







PRIME TIME



UP ON THE ROOF
architect Piers Gough
created a home-office
complete with terrace for
his longtime friend,
and now client, Janet
Street-Porter, opposite.

Janet Street-Porter, head of youth programming for the BBC, is hard to miss. And so is her new house in London, according to Charles Gandee



Waving proudly in the gentle breeze above Janet Street-Porter's new house in London is a flag emblazoned with the skull and crossbones. It was a Christmas present from Sigue Sigue Sputnik's Tony James, Street-Porter's rock-star beau. Though the Union Jack would have been a more cordial, not to mention patriotic, token of yuletide affection, it wouldn't have filled Street-Porter's bill in quite the same way. After all, when the 42-year-old executive producer of youth programs for the British Broadcasting Corporation presented architect Piers Gough with her domestic agenda, at the top of her list was the simple mandate, "I don't want anyone coming over to borrow a cup of sugar." Maybe it's to Gough's credit, maybe it's to the un-

friendly flag's, but so far no one has even tried.

"In many ways she's completely terrifying," reports Gough, who has known Street-Porter since 1965 when she was Janet Bull and they were both students at London's Architectural Association, an institution of higher learning for which Miss Bull had but four terms' worth of patience. When face to face with the college dropout turned television mogul, Gough's assessment of his former classmate seems almost conservative. On the evening I dropped by, for example, she was wearing a flamboyant hot-pink costume made of flowing Pucci-inspired scarves, a pair of massive black shoes that might best be termed long-life, and a Rastafarian-style mane of red hair extensions. "This is my coming-back-from-the-

ANYTHING GOES
in the second-floor master suite, above, where an oversize parcel trolley has been pulled in to act as a bed and wire school lockers, right, have been rigged up to serve as well-ventilated closets. The integral-color plaster walls are lined with Street-Porter's collection of prints by, among others, Piranesi and Jim Dine. Details see Resources.





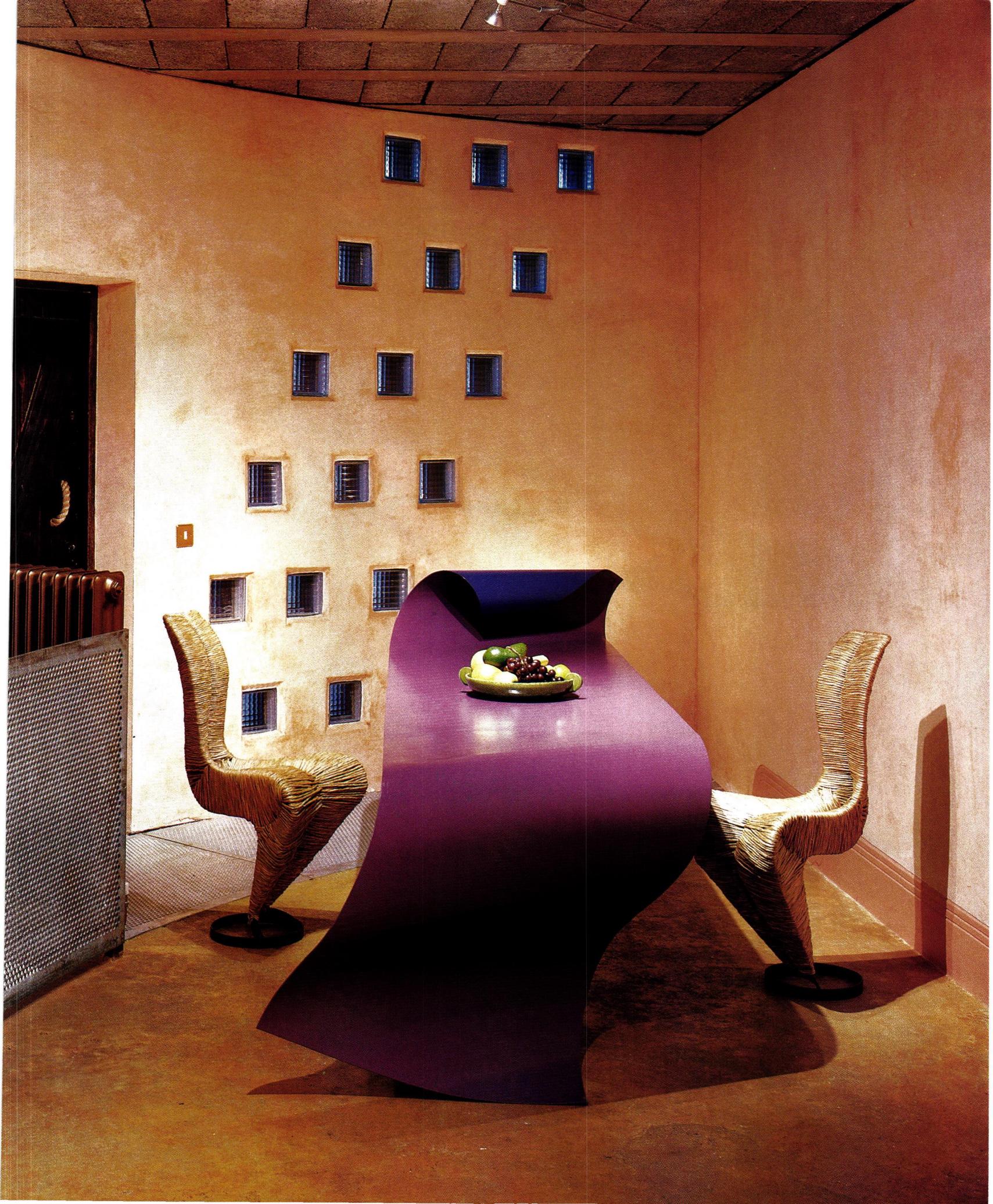
country outfit," said Street-Porter, who had, in fact, just returned from her cottage in Yorkshire. It was also hard not to notice, after a minute or two, my hostess's overwhelming preference for a stevedore's vocabulary, which she delivered with considerable gusto in her potent cockney accent.

In other ways, Street-Porter is more conventional. For example, when a rowdy wine bar opened up next door to her once-quiet Georgian house on the Thames, she wanted none of it. (One senses that behind the flashy façade lurks a workaholic.) So being a woman of considerable means and limited tolerance, Street-Porter rang up her old friend the architect, who just happened to know of a vacant lot on a sleepy street two blocks from the Smithfield meat market where she could take residential refuge from the yuppie storm. Street-Porter snagged the site, and Gough snagged the commission.

"It's just a simple brick box with holes punched into it," explains Gough. "But I do" (Text continued on page 205)

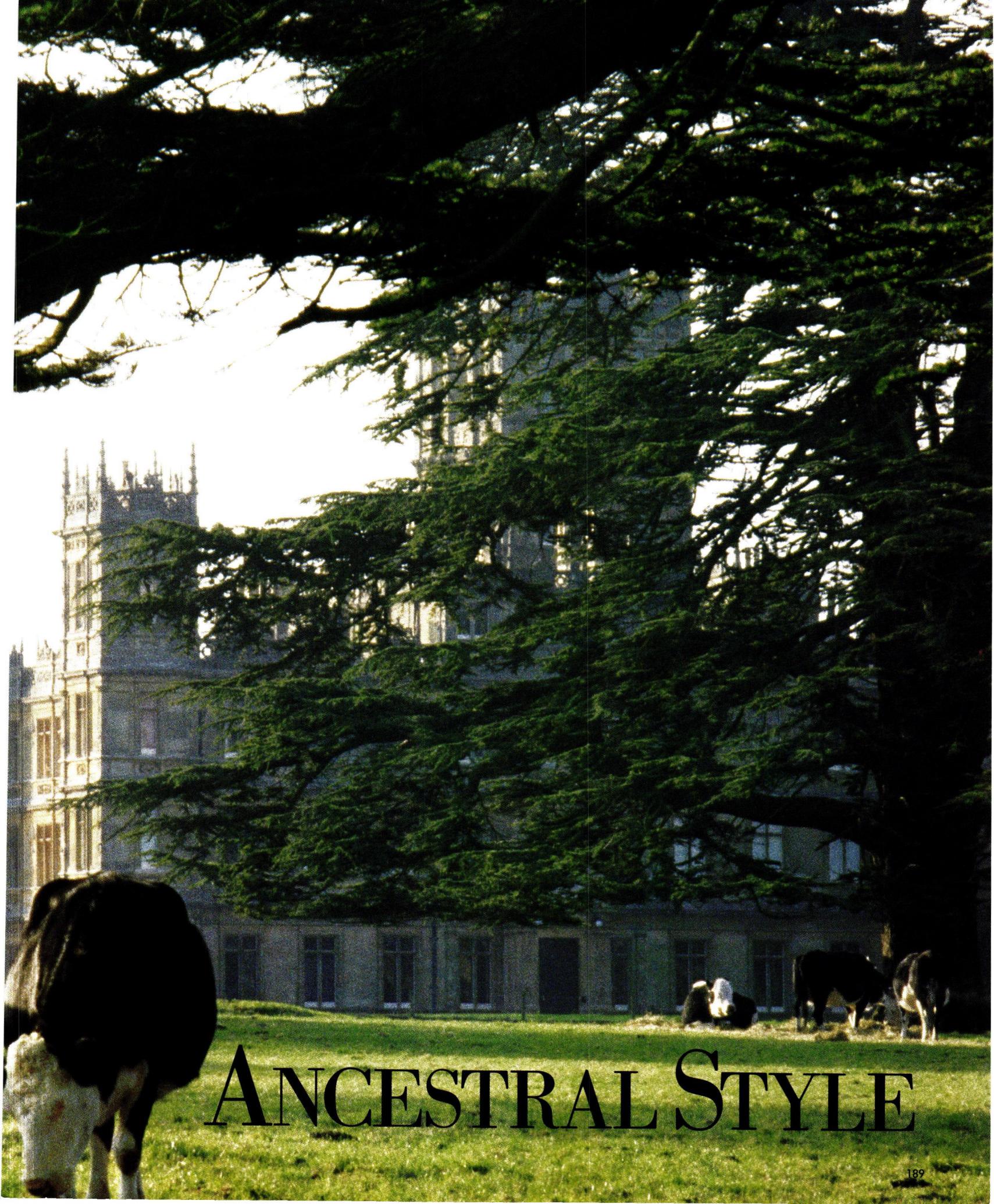
A WOMAN'S PLACE is at home in the penthouse office, above, according to Street-Porter, who asked lighting designer Patrice Butler to design the quirky chandelier. Right: Although Street-Porter tends to eat out, her dining room nonetheless boasts a scroll table by architect Piers Gough, raffia chairs by London designer Tom Dixon, and three twig pieces by L.A. artist Chuck Arnoldi.







Sitting in bucolic splendor, Highclere Castle in Hampshire was transformed into a palatial Anglo-Italian dwelling in the mid 19th century for the third Earl of Carnarvon.



ANCESTRAL STYLE

*Since the nineteenth century,
Highclere Castle has been
expanded, renovated, and decorated
by five generations of a family.
Clive Aslet relates the history*



Upon seeing Highclere Castle in Hampshire for the first time, you might think the houses of Parliament had broken free, rambled down the motorway, and stopped to graze in the middle of a sweeping landscape park. The tower at Highclere is strikingly similar to that at Westminster; both were designed by Sir Charles Barry, the most fashionable architect of the day.

A house at Highclere had already existed for centuries before the tower was built. It was a large plain Georgian structure when Henry, third Earl of Carnarvon, inherited it in 1833. He evidently found the design too insipid for his Victorian taste. A fanciful and dandyish man, he engaged Barry to encase the house in stone—scarcely altering the size or shape of it but transforming its appearance. Mark Girouard, the architectural historian, maintains that the library exemplifies the “rich plumpness and masculine opulence which the Victorians could produce better than any other age.” Although the exterior was done in 1842, the third earl did not live to see the rooms completed. It was left to his son, Henry, the fourth earl, to finish the interiors. Among his aesthetic achievements was the decoration of the great hall at the center of the house, which owes its Gothic design to architect Thomas Allom.

Another Henry, the earl who now owns Highclere, finds the scale of his great-great-grandfather’s house unsuitable for modern living. Although he still entertains in the castle, he now shares an eye-catching William Kent bungalow with his American-born countess, Lady Carnarvon, on another part of the estate. Still, Lord and Lady Carnarvon take pride in the great house that dominates the estate, so when the present earl’s father died in 1987, they decided to open it to the public.

The public unveiling of Highclere required the restoration of two main rooms, the smoking room and the drawing room. The latter had been closed up in 1939 and its French furniture sold off several years later. Lady Carnarvon took matters into her own hands and, with a sure eye, arranged the rooms in classic country-house style—elegant and comfortable and, above all, not too “new.” The restoration became a family project when Lord Carnarvon set out to acquire appropriate antique furniture to fill the gaps in the family collection.

Among Highclere’s many highlights is a remarkable collection of family portraits by a number of notable painters, including Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir William Beechey. The pictures were rehung

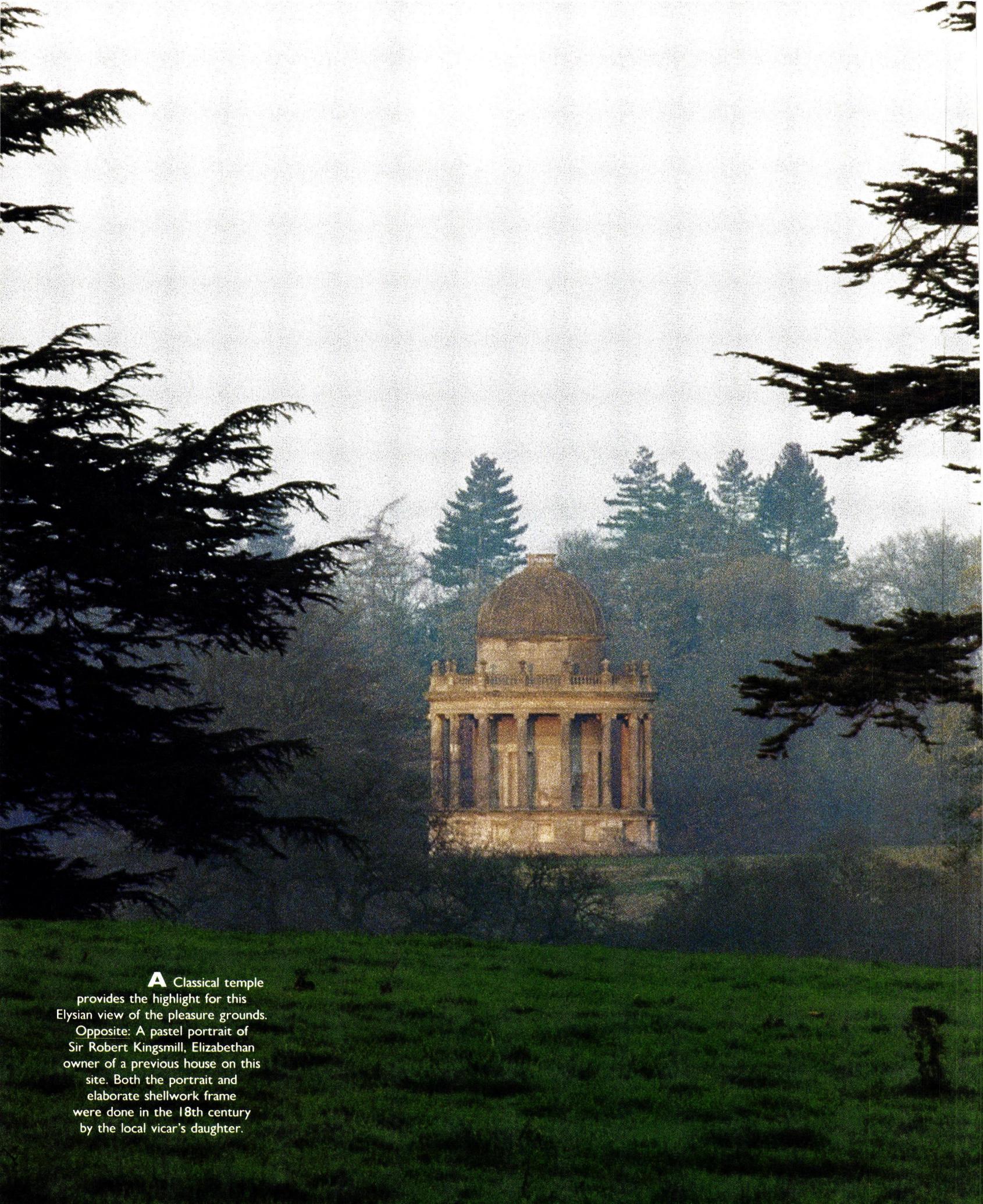
The great hall, right, designed by Thomas Allom, features the Carnarvon coat of arms in its stonework. **Left:** The fourth Earl of Carnarvon in his peer’s robes watches over a corner of the hall.







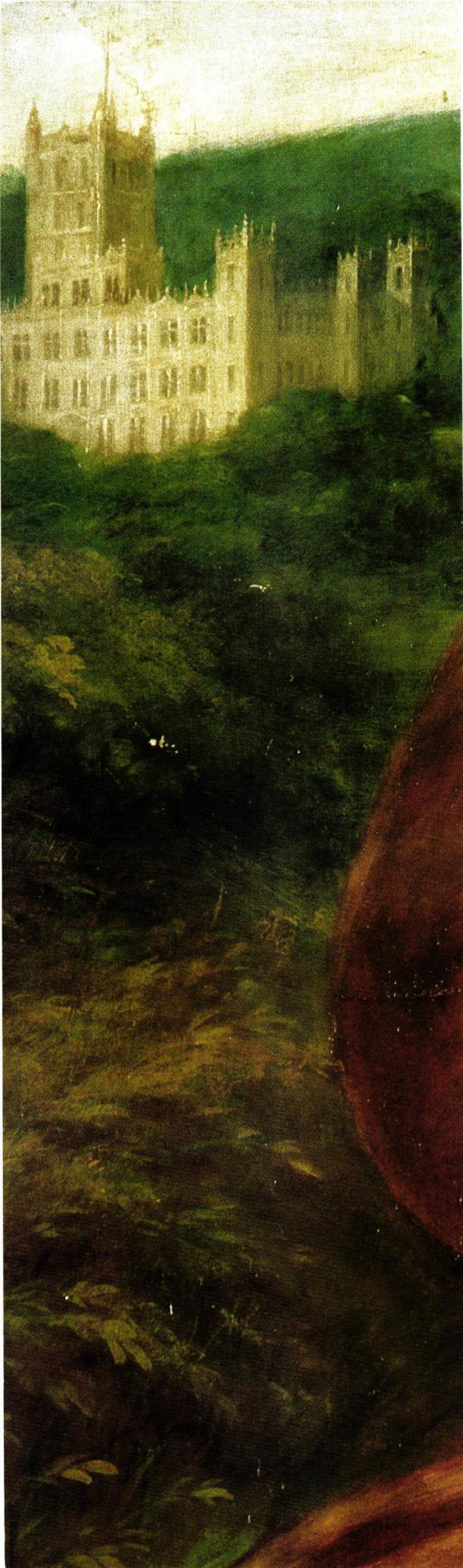
Redolent of a gentlemen's club, the handsome double library features an Egyptian-style Regency chair designed for Napoleon by George Bullock.



A Classical temple provides the highlight for this Elysian view of the pleasure grounds.

Opposite: A pastel portrait of Sir Robert Kingsmill, Elizabethan owner of a previous house on this site. Both the portrait and elaborate shellwork frame were done in the 18th century by the local vicar's daughter.





with the advice of James Stourton of Sotheby's, who returned many of them to the positions they occupied in the nineteenth century.

During the course of the restoration, a remarkable discovery was made—a cache of Egyptian artifacts was found in a cupboard wedged between two rooms, apparently left there by George, the fifth earl, who was an archaeologist. This handsome man-about-town, whose portrait stands on an easel in the great hall, financed and accompanied the expedition party that discovered Tutankhamen's tomb. He died shortly thereafter in April 1923, apparently confirming rumors of the mummy's curse. Despite unusually rainy weather last summer, the publicity coup that resulted from the find brought thousands of visitors to the newly opened Highclere, suggesting that the famous curse may have skipped the present generation of Carnarvons.

Today Highclere stands at the center of a remarkable family industry. It is, says Lady Carnarvon, a little like the South Fork ranch on *Dallas*. Aside from overseeing the administration of the big house, the present Lord Carnarvon is a noted horse breeder, following family tradition. As the

queen's racing manager, he shuttles between three royal racing establishments and Highclere, where he operates the famous stud farm founded by his grandfather. The long list of winners bred at Highclere testifies to his skill and that of his sons, George (Geordy) and Henry (Harry). Teenoso, the 1983 Derby winner, is the offspring of a Highclere stallion.

Although she comes from the other side of the Atlantic, Lady Carnarvon, née Jean Wallop, was raised in a family that shares several passions with the Carnarvons—horses and politics among them. The Wallops are Wyoming ranchers, and the countess's brother, Malcolm, is a U.S. senator. She contributes her expertise to the operation of the castle.

Throughout their long history the Carnarvons have shown remarkable dedication to their enthusiasms, whether archaeology, architecture, or racing. With the opening of Highclere they now share the results with the world. ♣

Editor: Amicia de Moubray

Highclere Castle in Hampshire is located five miles south of Newbury, one hour by train or car from London, and is open July 2–October 1, Wednesday through Sunday, 2 P.M.–6 P.M.

Highclere Castle, *left*, detail from a portrait of the third Earl of Carnarvon. *Above left*: Presiding over a pitcher is an ormolu wyvern (two-legged dragon), the family crest. *Above right*: A portrait of the fifth earl, an Egyptologist who, with Howard Carter, discovered Tutankhamen's tomb. *Opposite*: The cushions in the newly redecorated smoking room were made from a very old and rare curtain.



SOURCES

SHOPPING

Buying British

BARRY SINGER offers some inside tips for ferreting out the best antique furniture in London

There are so many things British that we Americans will never have. The Prince and Princess of Wales. Stonehenge. A real taste for Yorkshire pudding. Furniture, however, is another story, for, as hordes of plundering Yanks have proven for generations, England's glorious antique-furniture holdings—Hepplewhite painted shield-back chairs, Chippendale mahogany desks, Sheraton satinwood commodes, George III lacquer cabinets, corner cupboards, dining tables, stools, stands, even all those bookcases—*may* be had if the price is right. The prospect of actually penetrating Great Britain for furniture treasures, however, is a daunting one. The cozy little island can seem vast and foreign when suddenly viewed as some gaping furniture bin for sifting. Still, innocents abroad have been managing now for years, and much may be seen, handled, and in the end acquired with confidence if a few fundamental furniture-buying particulars are established early on.

WHERE TO BUY

Let's face it—there are few secrets here. You can buy in the city. You can buy in the country. You can buy from a dealer. You can buy at auction or in local antiques markets. That's it. Those are the choices. As for preferences, the terribly romantic notion persists that the country is best, that the country is cheaper, that the country offers all of us a chance to stumble over—or into—some gorgeous bargain: a "sleeper." Forget it. Even experienced dealers complain that today it can take five or six well-spaced country stops before anything—even a single chair worth owning—is uncovered. There just isn't that much top furniture available anymore, and what is around apparently finds its way to London very quickly. Sure, there are exceptions, but the chance that you or I will spot an exception is slight and dwindling daily.

Yet let it be said that a tour of England plotted on a map of antique-furniture sources remains a grand diversion. Had it not been for Robert Harman and his charming shop on Church Street, I certainly would never have discovered the town of Ampthill northeast



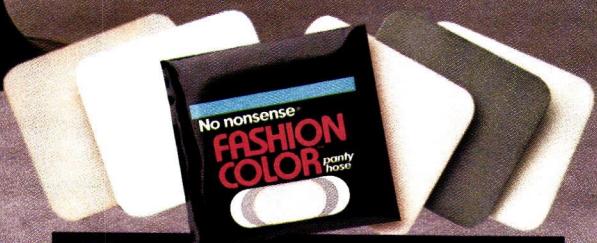
Andrew Morley Stephens, the manager of David Pettifer's on King's Road, seated at a 19th-century English walnut partner's desk with a Victorian plaster bust looking on.



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of Oxford in the county of Bedfordshire, nor would I in all likelihood ever have seen a writing desk like the one Harman unfolded for me there. The piece itself stood approximately four feet tall and appeared for all the world to be a rolling set of library steps, until he seized the thing at its midsection and wrenched it shut like a hinged jigsaw puzzle. Click, went the steps interlocking together, and suddenly there before us was a dummy desk with cupboards in the ends

and long drawers for drawings. "George III," said Harman, "circa 1780. Truly a rarity." Entrancing.

Back in London and primed for some serious wood ogling, I head for a stretch of Fulham Road known as the Brown Mile, where I've been told vast quantities of aged brown British furniture fill countless little shops that line the street. Expecting something akin to an East Village flea market in brown, I find, to my delight, that the Brown Mile is, in fact, a lovely thoroughfare of smartly painted shop fronts (a rainbow of colors, not one of them brown)—home to a decidedly wide-ranging, though predominantly English, antique-furniture trade. Since 1946, Apter-Fredericks has occupied a shop front at 265–67 Fulham Road. Today many of Apter's neighbors are newcomers; others go back nearly as far as Apter-Fredericks does. Most deal in quality pieces, definitely traditional but hardly boring—from Richard Courtney at number 112–14 to adventurous Michael Marriot at 588.

Farther down from Fulham, about one irregular block south, the Brown Mile is shadowed by the antiques shops of King's Road.



From Hotspur on Lowndes Street, a Sheraton mahogany cylinder cabinet, c. 1790, left, with spindle galleries, floral painted panels, and an oval Wedgwood plaque.

It's an odd juxtaposition—much of King's Road today is pocked with burger joints and cheap trendy clothing boutiques. Past the strobing shop signs (just past Thomas Carlyle's landmarked residence, too) you will find stately Jeremy Antiques. Alongside it is Pettifer's, one of London's most respected dealers where David Pettifer, a self-styled furniture purist, presides over his fine stock of unremittingly unrestored, unrefinished, and barely repolished antique English furniture. Pettifer's assistant, a lean and hungry junior dealer, tosses provocative pronouncements my way through a thick cigarette haze. "Mallett's is the place with the most money behind it," he informs me with a wan smile, pulling his overcoat closer about his shoulders (it's cold in Pettifer's). "They're a publicly held company now, you see; the family sold out, and their largest outside shareholder, I believe, is the British retailing group Sears. Did you know that?"

In fashionable Mayfair, Mallett and its neighbors, Partridge on New Bond Street, Stair & Co. and H. Blairman & Sons around the corner on Mount Street, are antique-furniture institutions in London and well worth visiting—if you can stand their starch. The lineage behind each is impeccable; the



The exterior of Partridge Fine Arts, top, on New Bond Street in London, in business since 1900. Above: Michael Lipitch Antiques in the heart of Fulham Road's Brown Mile.



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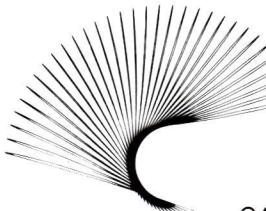
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product on display is also absolutely top drawer—don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Just bring money. For some real fun, though, try Little Mallett's at Bourdon House on Davies Street. It's the Mallett annex for less-than-six-figure furniture, and as a friend of mine observed: "If Big Mallett's is the boss's house with all the right stuffy things, Little Mallett's is where your dotty maiden aunt lives surrounded by all her crazy stuff." But don't expect a yard sale.

WHAT'S HOT

Decorators have always deigned to make fashionable what they can easily buy. Thus, at this moment, Regency furniture from 1811 to 1820 and William IV from 1830 to 1837 are very hot. Post 1837 has also definitely arrived—to the horror of purists. In general, pieces that were once dismissed as "later" are now coming to be considered as "earlier." Why? Because one simply cannot find enough early stuff. In this way, once-scorned Victorian and Edwardian furniture are now viewed by many as the next wave due to crash onto American shores.

English pine used to be all the rage. Today good pine pieces are still sought after, but good pine has become rare, hence expensive. Walnut is also almost impossible to find because of its delicate veneer. What has survived is incredibly valuable. According to many dealers, perhaps fifty percent of all walnut on the market today has been "messed with." Given the ever-increasing demand worldwide for antiques and the eternal dearth of quality pieces, the acceleration of an underground manufacturing industry of antique furniture was of course inevitable. Antique furniture today turns up handcrafted from aged oak floorboards. One London dealer swears that he spotted a twentieth-century breakfront at a recent Christie's sale described in the catalogue as a "set of twin Sheraton bureaus." Someone had simply hacked the breakfront in half and smartly distressed the wood. Around town last November gossip centered on this rumor: someone had recently bought the masses of timber felled near Winston Churchill's Chartwell home in Kent during the great storm of 1987 and was now hard at work manufacturing "antiques" to be touted as "furniture from Churchill's Chartwell."

HERE VERSUS THERE

The question dogged me all across England: Could it be, when all was said and the traipsing done, that better buying might in fact be had at home? Most British dealers readily admit that they are currently buying back furniture in the U.S., capitalizing on the weakened dollar. Many insist that they have always bought heavily in the States. But not from American dealers—at least not now. Today, they explain, they are buying back almost exclusively from their American customers and from the auction houses.

A Regency chandelier, right, hangs over a c. 1720 horseshoe-shaped mahogany serving table, at Jeremy on King's Road. Far right: From David Pettifer's, a c. 1830 rosewood armchair with Anglo-Indian carvings.



Well, when I got home, I did some checking. Yes, there are many fine English furniture dealers across America: in San Francisco there is Dillingham & Co., one of the best for seventeenth- and eighteenth-century things, as well as Dan Stein, who specializes in the gentlemanly English touch—partner's desks, secretaries, and such; in L.A. there are Melrose House, Richard Gould, Morey Palmer; in Washington, D.C., Glenn Randall, who recently bought Sunny von Bülow's home in Newport. In New York City there are Florian Papp, Devenish, Kentshire, Hyde Park Antiques, Vernay & Jussel, and, of course, Stair & Co. Unsurprisingly, many Southern cities—Atlanta, Charleston, Savannah—are also strongholds for English furniture. I could not discern, however, any advantage to buying over here. Selection in the U.S. pales by comparison. The odds on "messed-with" pieces seem to increase. And as for prices, today's antique-furniture market is absolutely international—everyone everywhere seems to know the value of good pieces, and prices have been adjusted accordingly, regardless of currency fluctuations. Communication and air travel have effectively eliminated bargains worldwide. In the end then, isn't it a relief to know that for the best English antique furniture, a buying spree in England is far more than just an indulgence. ▲

(For a listing of dealers see Resources.)

A Japanese bronze crane, left, poses in the window of Mallett & Son on New Bond Street.



Prime Time

(Continued from page 186) like the idea of normality with a twist." In Gough's architectural tug-of-war between the normal and the twisted wins hands down—at least at Janet Street-Porter's house. True, the house is brick, but it is four colors of brick, grading from dark brown at the base to pale beige at the top. And the punched holes are in fact oddly shaped diamond-pane windows that are each capped with a concrete lintel cast in a highly textured log form—"a reference to nature, to the little park across the street," explains the 42-year-old architect. Though the house abounds with other quirky appurtenances, the most highly visible, and controversial, is found up on the roof. Gently abutting the base of the building's shimmering-blue glazed-tile crown is a billboard-scale aluminum lattice triangle that looks like the ghost of a gable and serves as a terrace guardrail. Not surprisingly, the unorthodox roof required all of Gough's considerable powers of persuasion to pass through the local planning commission's aesthetic gauntlet.

As might be expected, people tend, as a matter of fact, to stop in the street and stare. But as a rule, they do not attempt to satisfy their curiosity—one must be particularly intrepid to approach the cold wall of steel that serves as a less-than-welcoming front door and activate the electronic device that, provided you pass muster, allows passage into a

house as eye-catching inside as it is outside.

Crossing the threshold into the small foyer that leads to a large ground-floor billiard room and adjacent guest room is a bit like wandering into some ancient castle. Thanks to Gough's affection for rough and tough building materials and finishes, there's an almost venerable feel to these oddly shaped rooms. One has the sense of exploring some bygone architectural world where weight, solidity, and permanence are the distinguishing characteristics. Street-Porter's house feels too moody, too evocative to be new. On closer inspection, however, the house reveals its more contemporary vintage in the subtle tricks Gough enjoys playing. For example, the mottled plaster walls, like the exterior bricks, start off dark on the first floor and fade as you ascend. Similarly, the concrete-block ceilings become discernibly higher with each successive floor. There are also such au courant flourishes as an abrasive expanse of lath minus the plaster which attempts to stand in for a kitchen wall and smacks of L.A.-style architecture, circa right now. But as Gough says: "If you don't make a mistake, you wonder if you went far enough." Also helping to place the house in time is Street-Porter's predictably hip collection of furniture and art, which veers from Zandra Rhodes fabric slipcovers to a parcel trolley bed complete with wheels.

"The whole point," concludes Miss Street-Porter, "is don't mess with this house." Although in truth the four-letter verb she chose was not "mess." ▲

Cotswold Retreat

(Continued from page 131) same language"—where he worked with the legendary John Fowler, whom he remembers as a dear friend as much as a business partner. "But above all, he was the most marvelous teacher," Falconer says. "I shall never forget his first visit to Liverpool Town Hall, months after I had finished work on it. He spent hours poring over every detail of my work, then finally he said, 'Ducks, I would be proud to have done it myself.' I felt as if I had just been awarded the Victoria Cross."

Tughill is in part a testament to John Fowler's influence. The faintly dragged paintwork and glazed walls polished to a soft glow; the muted colors; the document chintzes; the painted furniture, a hallmark of the humble elegance that was Fowler's forte; the mix that puts Swedish chairs around a

cherrywood French Provincial table for a result that is nevertheless entirely English—all are ingredients Fowler used in the English country-house style that he made his own. The legacy includes several pieces left to Falconer in Fowler's will—an eighteenth-century painted table in the hall; a plant stand of spindly poise, which Fowler bought from Syrie Maugham in the 1930s; a small mirror dating from the French Revolution.

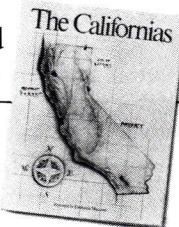
Falconer, in turn mentor to a new generation of designers, has selected elements of Fowler's decorating grammar and made them his own, adapting and transmuting to suit his cottage setting. As you wind up the lane away from Tughill, you leave behind an object lesson in comfort and coziness, a perfect embodiment of English country taste. ▲

Photographs by James Mortimer are from Elizabeth Dickson's Colefax & Fowler: The Best in English Interior Decoration (Barrie & Jenkins), to be published in the United States this fall by Bulfinch Press/Little, Brown & Company.

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Prince Charles

(Continued from page 160) that Prince Charles at midlife is given to strange notions and immovable positions. Far from presenting the carefully edited and flattering picture one had expected, this documentary confirmed what the tabloids have been saying. "The soul is irrational, unfathomable, mysterious," Prince Charles solemnly assured us before going on to explain why columns on buildings are so pleasing. The reason, you see, is that the first columns were tree trunks, thus columns give a "mysterious sense of well-being and a kind of contentment to successive generations of human beings who still have that primeval relationship with trees lodged in their subconscious."

This barmy mixture of eighteenth-century noble savagery, Jungian archetypes, and the

teachings of the prince's philosophical mentor, the South African writer and conservationist Sir Laurens van der Post, is every bit as daft as his critics claim. Furthermore, Prince Charles believes that traditional architectural motifs have active physical properties. Speaking of hospitals he states that "it is certainly possible to design features in such buildings which are positively healing. For instance, I feel sure that courtyards, colonnades, and running water are healing features. It can't be easy to be healed in a soulless concrete box. . . . I find it hard, I must say, to appreciate architecture . . . emphasizing the rational element in our humanity to the exclusion of the intuitive."

The extraordinarily revealing portrait that emerges is of someone who sees public architecture as part of his personal search for the spiritual. Prince Charles's documentary does nothing to dispel the idea that this is a troubled, questing man who is not deriving suffi-

cient sustenance from his family or his work, to say nothing of his vast wealth or lofty position at the very pinnacle of the world's most stratified society. Expressed in sentiments much like those of the romantic nineteenth-century reformers A. W. N. Pugin, John Ruskin, and William Morris, the prince finds the world too much with us, and his similar attitude toward architecture is that it might be able to provide him with the fulfillment he finds lacking in his (modern) life.

During his TV film, while riding down the Thames in a launch, Prince Charles looks wistfully about him and observes, "There's no doubt about it to me that something like a spire or a dome or something with some kind of feeling has this ability to make one feel happier or more contented." Would that it could be so in his case, but the strongest impression one receives from *A Vision of Britain* is that no number of spires or domes could make this prince's sad heart sing. ♦

Master of Cabinetry

(Continued from page 146) long that they were forgotten. Sequestered in the shires, many Bullock pieces languished until the economic incentive of the eighties antiques boom finally pried them loose.

The most important trove was at Tew Park, a country house in Oxfordshire with interiors completed in 1818, the year of Bullock's death. They remained there for almost 160 years—the equivalent of millennia in the ephemeral time span of decorating—until the contents of Tew Park were auctioned off by Christie's two years ago. Just a month before that benchmark sale an enterprising London dealer spotted some intriguing pieces in an auction in Lisbon, part of a large suite exe-

cuted for the Portuguese ambassador to England during the Regency period. These the dealer snapped up, brought back to London, and quickly resold at Christie's, where they were identified as Bullock's and were bought by private collectors and dealers, as well as the Victoria and Albert Museum and Liverpool's Walker Art Gallery.

Bullock himself was no stranger to the imperatives of the marketplace, and the political disruptions of the Napoleonic Wars were a significant factor in his career. The English blockade of the Continent cut off supplies of Italian marble and stimulated the search for suitable substitutes in the British Isles. Bullock, an astute businessman, became owner of the Mona Marble quarries in Anglesey and used those minerals for his own furniture and interior designs. But by far the most unusual enterprise of his short life was the immense

six-week rush order placed by the Prince Regent for Napoleon.

After the defeated emperor's exile on the British island of Saint Helena in 1815, the sybaritic prince decreed that former enemy or no, Napoleon was entitled to live out his days in the decorative splendor to which he had been accustomed. Accordingly Bullock was asked to supply all the furniture and ceramics for New Longwood House, the prefabricated Regency residence which the legendary conqueror occupied until his death in 1821. Napoleon's relics, prized more for historic than artistic interest, were carried off by souvenir hunters and only recently have been reidentified as Bullock's creations. As these striking designs have resurfaced in the wake of the great Bullock comeback, it might be said that their masterful maker has returned from exile as well.

Martin Filler

Nina Campbell

(Continued from page 114) being upset by things that weren't planned. You've got to have rooms that can stand a child coming back with a painting from school—a house mustn't be static.

"A certain strength of color is also indicative of my work, although I don't like anything violent or brash. I suppose I've got sort of bordello instincts because I like a bit of gold and I absolutely love red. As Elsie de Wolfe said, 'Put a shy person on a rose damask sofa and they positively blossom.' That

doesn't mean I can't do a pale room, but I try to put in a color that brings it to life.

"Detail is important, too—like a six-inch fringe on a sofa, instead of a skirt. It's extremely practical, because if you sit on a sofa with a skirt you get a dirty black mark where everybody's shoes were.

"Grouping pictures is another specialty of mine. Many people don't have marvelous paintings, so I try to work with what they do have. Lighting is also important. Experts often over-light. Actually you don't need as much light as people think—you need more light in the day than you need at night.

"Generosity is terribly important—no half measures and nothing mediocre. I'd

rather have a good sofa and no curtains than a bad sofa and a mean pair of curtains. But people today think they've got to do the whole thing, so they do it skimpily, and that's awful.

"John Fowler said, 'Never do everything all at once, just leave some cushions out or something.' You've got to be able to add something unusual—a wonderful lamp or some color that is slightly off—which stops a room from being too this or too that.

"A sense of humor is essential," concluded Campbell. "There's no point in somebody being intimidated by their own decoration." After all, even a duchess needs to put her feet up now and then. ♦

Quinlan Terry

(Continued from page 163) Classical architecture Terry practices and preaches. In an enviable commission, which Terry rightly describes as the "opportunity of a lifetime," Prince Charles approved his designs for six new London villas for Hanover Lodge Gardens in Regent's Park, owned by the Crown. Aside from the royal cachet, it is a particularly enviable job because of its proximity to the great Regency terraces of John Nash, one of the most superb groupings of Neoclassical buildings anywhere in the world. The first two of the six mansions—one each in the Ionic, Veneto, Gothick, Corinthian, Regency, and Tuscan styles—are now under construction. The architect has been directed by his client to spare no expense, as these prestigious residences are sure to fly off the market even at an estimated \$20 million for a 99-year lease. Often called Prince Charles's favorite architect, Terry denies he has "special entrée to the prince's presence." But one senses that Terry is a born courtier who knows instinctively that the quickest way to lose royal favor is to talk of it. He frets that the mere mention of another new job for one of Prince

Charles's relatives might queer the deal.

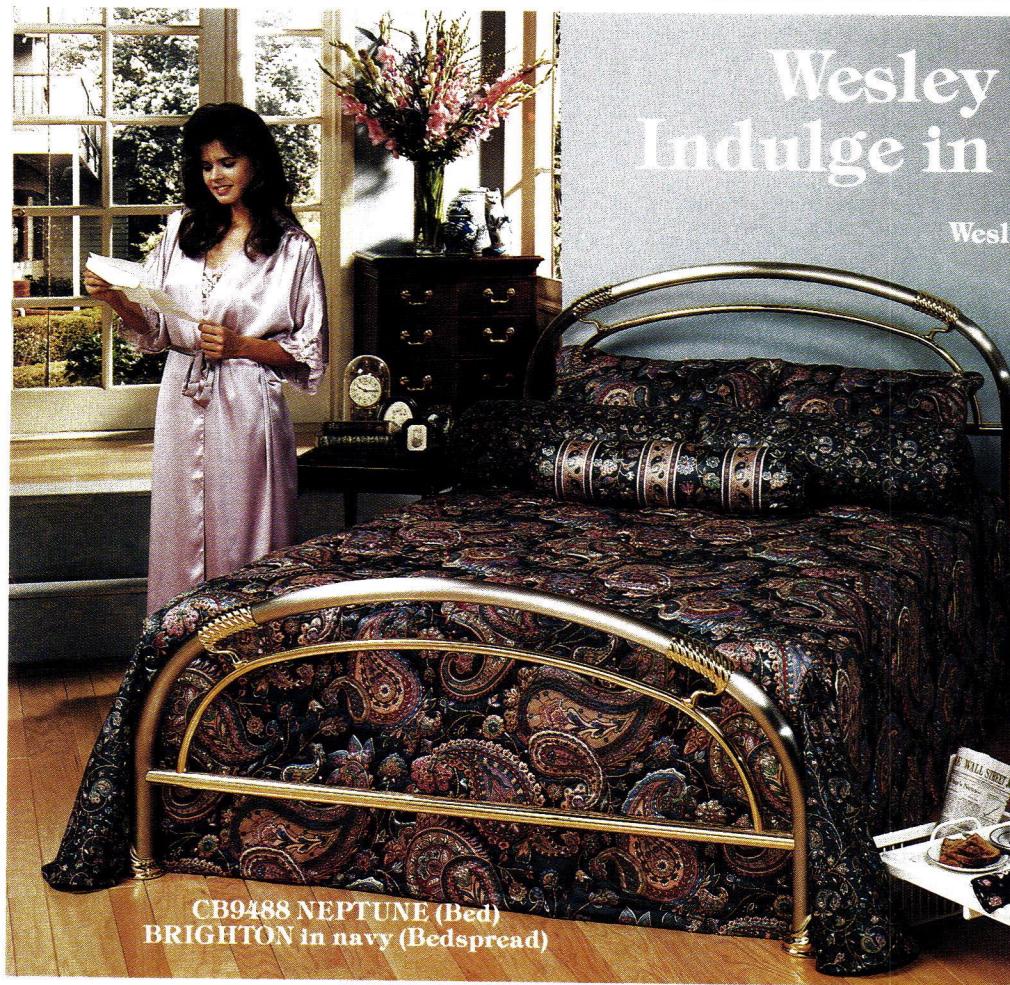
The rest of the architect's current roster of clients is scarcely less imposing. He is designing a new cathedral for Brentwood near London; a country tower folly for real estate developer Peter Palumbo; and schemes for several members of the Thatcher government, including former defense minister Michael Heseltine and Tory party secretary Lord McAlpine of West Green.

Things are at an unprecedented pitch of activity in Terry's offices in two timber-frame Elizabethan cottages on Dedham's High Street. Terry, who trained at the ultra-Modernist Architectural Association in London, shunned the hubbub of mainstream professional life when he rusticated himself to Dedham in 1962 to work with Raymond Erith. That country Classicist had been recommended to Terry when the young architect told astonished friends he wanted no part of Modernism and was determined to design architecture as it had been since antiquity. Erith and Terry hit it off at once and worked in close collaboration until the senior partner's death in 1973. Out of respect for his revered mentor, the junior partner has kept the name of the firm Erith & Terry.

Although Erith, who struggled along for years with little work, would be astonished at

the number of projects his firm now has, he would still feel very much at home there. His old street-front office, which Terry now occupies, is papered with yellowing pages of *The Times* of London which Erith put up in 1958. Terry maintains the air of timeless tradition to perfection: his workroom with its graceful Georgian chimneypiece might be 1789, 1889, or even 1939—but certainly not 1989. And he is quite proud of it: "I tend to regard fashion in architecture with a certain amount of suspicion and contempt. To me, the attraction of Classical architecture is that it is traditional building built in a traditional way. This room is about four hundred years old, and it could go on for another four hundred years if it's spared. It's a room that works. The windows are in the right place. But a modern building doesn't have that permanence to it at all."

According to Terry, not only doesn't Modernism have what's important in architecture, but it can't. "The nicest thing you can say about a building is it looks as if it's always been there. I think all the good ideas have been going probably for a thousand years. I'm not original. I don't want to be original. I'm suspicious of something that hasn't come out of someone else's head, and if it was four hundred years ago, so much the



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Quinlan Terry

better. Quite apart from the stylistic side, Modernist construction is so weak. They put up a steel frame, clad it with bits of plastic and glass, and then fix the joints with a bit of mastic, which falls out ten years later. It's put up with no idea of the future or even that there is a future. I testify to the ancient way of building."

Terry puts forth his ideas with the fervid certainty of the true believer, and indeed there is a firm foundation of religious fundamentalism underpinning his architectural faith. For example, he is convinced that the Classical orders of architecture were literally handed down by God to Moses with the Ten Commandments. He is also sure that contemporary architecture is the devil's work. "There is no doubt that Modernism is satanic," he states as evenly as though he were commenting on the weather. "The influence of Marx and Darwin, who are thrust down your throat from the moment you're a child, has produced a society that is expecting progress the whole time. Let's forget whether we're going to evolve from monkeys into something fantastic in a few more million years. We just can't realize

that man is made perfect in the image of God and that he doesn't need to develop into something else. The Modernists seem to have a time span in which it has taken millions of years to get here through all sorts of doubtful permutations, and it's going to go on for millions of years. They don't realize that all the things they have brought about in this century are probably going to bring the end of history anyhow. They haven't got long to do more evolving. They've got the Second Coming to face."

For Terry's growing band of admirers a second coming of sorts has already taken place with the recent opening of his largest public project to date, the \$40 million Richmond Riverside development, a 109,000-square-foot commercial-residential complex on the banks of the Thames southwest of London. Concerned that such a large office-and-apartment block would look unconvincing if done in a uniform Classical manner, Terry varied the scheme with separate buildings in a chronological range of English styles from Queen Anne and several Georgian phases into Regency, with even a hint of Ruskinian Gothic. True to his tenets, Terry makes the masonry walls carry the structure in the old way rather than employing the Modernist steel skeleton.

His siting is intelligent, his detailing me-

ticulous, his materials substantial (especially the traditional lime mortar he insists on using rather than cement), his working methods slow and painstaking, but still Richmond Riverside has the deadly air of the inauthentic. This is Classical mummification, not revival. Though Terry has been a diligent student of the Classical orders, his innate sense of proportion is just not good enough for a composition on this scale. The only really pleasing part of the ensemble is not by Terry at all: incorporated into the southwest side of the site is a row of five original houses, Regency through early Italianate Victorian, demonstrating by contrast how thin and strained the rest of this disquieting display really is.

There is little doubt that Classicism can be made to live again, as it has in the past by architects of every century and nationality. Sir John Soane did it in England so effectively 150 years ago that his architecture still yields up ideas that contemporary designers find applicable to modern life. That cannot, alas, be said for the curious work of the very curious Quinlan Terry. He is a prophet, perhaps, but one whose thoughts and deeds are at odds with the enlightened message that Classicism at its most humane has always conveyed to men of good will. ▲

Resources

ANTIQUES

Page 62 Papier-mâché antiques dealers: **New York** Bedford Green Antiques, Main St., Bedford Village, NY 10506, (914) 234-9273; Belgravia House Antiques, 127A East 71 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 570-0555; Briger Fairholme, 26 East 80 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4489; Burke's, 979 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022, (212) 308-7551; Florence de Dam-pierre, 16 East 78 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 734-6764; Philippe Farley, 157 East 64 St., New York, NY 10021, (212) 472-1622; Linda Horn, 1015 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 772-1122; Hyde Park, 836 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, (212) 477-0033; James II Galleries, 15 East 57 St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 355-7040; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003, (212) 673-6644; Kogan & Co., 971 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 288-8523; Zane Moss, 10 East End Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 661-3866; Stair & Co., 942 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4400; Vernay & Jussel, 817 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 879-3344. **California** G. R. Durenberger, 31531 Camino Capistrano, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675, (714) 493-1283; Ed Hardy, 750 Post St., San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 771-6644. **District of Columbia** Fleming & Meers, 1228 31 St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, (202) 342-7777. **Illinois** Victoria Peters, 449 North Wells St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 644-5855; Portals, 230 West Huron St., Chicago, IL 60610, (312) 642-1066. **Massachusetts** Shreve, Crump & Low, 330 Boylston St., Boston, MA 02116, (617) 267-9100. **DECORATING**

Page 76 Library ladder table, \$36,000, at Newel Art Galleries, NYC (212) 758-1970. Toast rack, \$1,900, at Kurland Zabar Antiques, NYC (212) 517-8576. Urn, \$5,600, at Newel. Plate, \$945 for set of six, and bowl,

sold as part of child's tea service, \$975, at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Chairs, \$5,800 pr, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Shawl, \$700, at Vito Giallo Antiques, NYC (212) 535-9885. Bootjack, \$995, at James II. Footscraper, \$185, at M. J. Knoud, NYC (212) 838-1434. Bucket, \$3,000, at Kentshire Galleries, NYC (212) 673-6644.

SAMPLES

Page 94 Left: Windsor Tapestry, 50" wide, \$210 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Bander and Daniel, Dallas; Bill Nessen, Dania; Trade Wings, Washington, D.C. Bottom left: Fougère, 57" wide, \$82.50 yd, by Designers Guild, London, to the trade at Osborne & Little, NYC; Ainsworth-Noah, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Designers Choice, Chicago; Boyd-Levinson, Dallas, Houston; Kneedler-Fauchère, Denver, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Design West, Dania; Darr-Luck, Philadelphia, Washington, D.C.; Stephen E. Earls, Portland, Seattle. Swatch board above right (clockwise from top left): Bargello, 54" wide, \$66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Pine Tapestry, 50" wide, \$285 yd, Memlinc, 50" wide, \$187 yd, Van der Weyden, 48" wide, \$330 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Arabeque, 57" wide, \$82.50 yd, Fougère, in claret and malachite (details above). Chinoiserie Damask, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, NYC; Travis-Irvin, Atlanta; Shecter-Martin, Boston; Rozmallin, Chicago, Troy; Rozmallin at Baker Knapp & Tubbs, Cleveland; John Edward Hughes, Dallas, Denver, Houston; Bill Nessen, Dania; Kneedler-Fauchère, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Croce, Philadelphia; Wayne Martin, Portland, Seattle. Windsor Tapestry (details above). Domino, 54" wide, \$57 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons, NYC; Marion King, Atlanta, High Point, Washington, D.C.; Walls Unlimited, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; De Cioccio, Cincinnati; Hargett, Dallas, Houston; Shears & Window, Denver, San Francisco; J. Robert Scott, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles; Gerald Earls, Seattle. Windfall, 54" wide, \$63 yd, to the trade at Arthur Sanderson & Sons (see above). Chinese

Stripe, 54" wide, \$49 yd, to the trade at M. R. H. Cloth, NYC. Stria, 54" wide, \$66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Chinoiserie Damask (details above). Swatch board below right (clockwise from top left): Domino (details above). Devonshire Damask, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Anatolia, 51" wide, \$147 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). MacPherson, 59" wide, \$102 yd, to the trade at Christopher Hyland (see above). Catalpa, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Anatolia (details above). Chao, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Stria (details above). Mapping, 57" wide, \$90 yd, by Designers Guild, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Windfall (details above). Cross-Stitch, 54" wide, \$66 yd, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Bargello (details above). Chao (details above). Charlott, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above). Windfall (details above).

THE WELL-APPOINTED DECORATOR

Page 108 Nina Campbell fabrics and assorted objects, at Nina Campbell at Jona, NYC (212) 996-5603. **109** Fou Sin fabric, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. **110-111** Colona green-striped fabric, Howard sofas, £1,750 ea. Pomme de Pin fabric on slipper chairs, all at Nina Campbell. Romanian rug, from a selection at Nina Campbell. Madeleine chintz on sofa, table, pillows, Taffetas Ombre (multicolored stripe) on pillows, to the trade at Clarence House (see above). **112** Chandeliers from Denton Antiques, London 1-229-5866. Tulipa pillows, from \$60, basket, at Nina Campbell. Chenille tablecloth, \$850, at Nina Campbell. Miniature burl ash chest, \$2,500, toile de Jouy tea set, \$785, at Florian Papp, NYC (212) 288-6770. Swans, red glass bowl from Daniel Barney, at Christian Aubusson, NYC (212) 755-2432. Alsace curtain fabric, Picot Stripe wallpaper, both by Nina Campbell, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 94). Candlesticks, \$225 ea, basket with temple fruit, \$285, at Casa Maia, NYC (212) 534-3615. Regency blanket chest, \$12,500,

and tole lamp, \$7,500 pr, at Trevor Potts, NYC (212) 737-0909. Pictures from Stephanie Hoppen, NYC (212) 753-0175. Tole 18th-century jardiniere, \$5,900, at Nina Campbell. **113** Emoi fabric on walls, 59" wide, \$69 yd, to the trade at Boussac of France, NYC; Curran, Atlanta, High Point; Ostrer House, Boston; Holly Hunt, Chicago, Minneapolis; De Cioccio, Cincinnati; Decorators Walk, Dallas, Denver, Houston, Washington, D.C.; Todd Wiggins, Dania, Miami; Newton-Edwards, Laguna Niguel; Janus et Cie, Los Angeles; Delk & Morrison, New Orleans; Taggart-Zwibel, Philadelphia; S. C. Smith, Phoenix; Sloan Miyasato, San Francisco; Jane Piper Reid, Seattle. **114** Jason plain fabric, 59" wide, \$75 yd, to the trade at Boussac. **115** Fou Sin fabric (details above).

CLASSICAL TRANSLATION

Page 116 Fabric, to order from Carolyn Quartermaine, London 1-373-4492. **118-19** Furniture by John Wright, to order from Walker, Wright Partnership, London 1-603-6674. China cabinet, to order from Colin Stanwell-Smith, London 1-948-8707. **120** Plasterwork by George Jackson & Sons, London 1-640-8611. Metal table, £700, to order from Quartermaine. **121** Metal daybed, £900, tray table, £350, to order from Quartermaine. Jane Wildgoose curtain fabrics, 36" wide, \$75 m, to order from Nigel Carr, NYC (212) 594-5284. **122-23** Bed to order from Stanwell-Smith. Lamp stands, £190 ea, to order from Neil Trinder, Sheffield, Yorkshire 742-852428.

COTSWOLD RETREAT

127 Strawberry Leaf, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout (see above for pg 94). Sofa in Star and Trefoil, to order at Colefax & Fowler, London 1-493-2231. **130** Angoulême wallpaper, to order at Colefax & Fowler. Angoulême fabric, 36" wide, £25 m, to order from Sybil Connolly, Dublin 1-767281. Clover Leaf carpet, approx £45.70 m, at Colefax & Fowler. Pond Lily carpet in bathroom (custom color), approx £45.70 m, at Colefax & Fowler. **131** Berkeley Sprig wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 109).

HUNT COUNTRY

Pages 132-39 To hunt with the Warwickshire contact: The Hon. Mrs. Diana Johnson, Red House Farm, Campion Hills, Royal Leamington Spa, Warwickshire CV32 7UA; 926-882883. **139** Emma floral fabric on bed, 54" wide, \$90 yd, to the trade at Boussac (see above for pg 113).

CHELSEA COLLECTOR

Pages 140-45 Herringbone wool carpet throughout house through Kelly Hoppen and Charlotte Barnes Interiors, London 1-589-2852. **140-41** Italian cotton piqué, through Hoppen and Barnes. **141** De Medici fabric, 49"-53" wide, \$204 yd, at Fortuny, NYC (212) 753-7153. **143** Alberelli fabric, 54"-56" wide, \$194 yd, at Fortuny. **144** Summer board by Hugh Robson, London 1-609-2654.

VICTORIAN FANTASY

Pages 176-177 Bronzino luster sheen, to special order at John Stefanidis & Assoc., London 1-352-3532. Three Over Stripe wallpaper to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pg 109). Top carpet from Vigo Carpets, London 1-439-6971. **179** Kilim-covered chairs from Loot Antiques, London 1-730-8097. Curtains in Courtesan Silk Stripe, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy, Washington, D.C. **180** Netherton chintz in bedroom, to special order at John Stefanidis. **181** Lady Anne chintz on settee, Veronica chintz on footboard, to special order at John Stefanidis.

PRIME TIME

Page 184 Platform trolley bed, at H. C. Slingsby, London 1-405-2551. Lighting fixture, to order from Butler-Radice, London 1-480-6564. **185** Changing-room lockers, at Slingsby. **186** Custom chandelier, from Butler-Radice. **187** Raffia chairs, £400 ea, from Tom Dixon, London 1-602-0101.

SHOPPING

Page 198 English antique-furniture dealers: **London** Apter-Fredericks, 265-67 Fulham Rd., London SW3 6HY, 1-352-2188; Rupert Cavendish, 610 King's Rd., London SW6 2DX, 1-731-7041; Richard Courtney, 112-114 Fulham Rd., London SW3 6HU, 1-370-4020; Guinevere Antiques, 578 King's Rd., London SW6

2DX, 1-736-2917; Hotspur, 14 Lowndes St., Belgrave Sq., London SW1X 9EX, 1-235-1918; Jeremy Antiques, 255 King's Rd., Chelsea, London SW3 5EL, 1-352-3127; Michael Lipitch Antiques, 98 Fulham Rd., London SW3 6HS, 1-589-7327; Mallett & Son, 40 New Bond St., London W1Y 0BS, 1-499-7411; Mallett at Bourdon House, 2 Davies St., Berkeley Sq., London W1Y 1LJ, 1-629-2444; Michael Marriott, 588 Fulham Rd., London SW6 5NT, 1-736-3110; Partridge Fine Arts, 144-146 New Bond St., London W1Y 0LY, 1-629-0834; David Pettifer, 269 King's Rd., London SW3 5EN, 1-352-3088; George Sherlock Antiques, 588 King's Rd., London SW6 2DX, 1-736-3955; Stair & Co., 120 Mount St., London W1Y 5HB, 1-499-1784. **Out-side London** Robert Harman, 11 Church St., Ampthill, Bedfordshire MK45 2EH; 525-40-23-22. **New York** Devenish, 929 Madison Ave., New York, NY

10021, (212) 535-2888; Hyde Park Antiques, 836 Broadway, New York, NY 10003, (212) 477-0033; Kentshire Galleries, 37 East 12 St., New York, NY 10003, (212) 673-6644; Florian Papp, 962 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 288-6770; Stair & Co., 942 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 517-4400; Vernay & Jussel, 817½ Madison Ave., New York, NY 10021, (212) 879-3344. **District of Columbia** G. Randall, 2828 Pennsylvania Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, (202) 337-7373. **San Francisco** Dillingham & Co., 470 Jackson St., San Francisco, CA 94111, (415) 989-8777; Daniel Stein Antiques, 701 Sansome St., San Francisco, CA 94111, (415) 956-5620. **Los Angeles Area** Richard Gould, 216 26 St., Santa Monica, CA 90402, (213) 395-0724; Morey Palmer, 8457 Melrose Place, Los Angeles, CA 90069, (213) 658-6444. ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE



EDITOR'S NOTE: The Gothic room reproduced on page 165 of the September issue is the bedroom of David Marshall, owner of the Antique Room shop in Brooklyn, New York.

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Gandee AT LARGE

"I think I have been rather boring," said David Hicks at the end of lunch. But it wasn't true

When the waitress tried to escape from our table with a bowl of mayonnaise, David Hicks stopped her. "The war is over, my dear," said the famous British decorator in a voice reminiscent of Winston Churchill's. "We're not rationing anymore." The poor woman placed two additional dollops next to my luncheon companion's dismembered lobster, which satisfied him—and freed her.

Hicks and I had adjourned to Bentley's restaurant on Swallow Street after meeting for an aperitif in his rooms at Albany in Piccadilly where, I was told, "Lord Byron once lived" and where the interview had gotten off to a somewhat dangerous start with my host's announcement that America had become bored with him. "In the early sixties," recalled Hicks, picking up where he had left off twenty minutes before, "I introduced geometric carpets and fabrics to the United States. And I did it with great panache, and I was very much sought after. But you know Americans do tire of a look—you people are very fashion-conscious. So in 1972 I looked to Japan as a marvelous market waiting to be exploited." And exploit it Hicks did, designing "every kind of thing for sale in department stores"—including, but not limited to, panty hose, costume jewelry, luggage, womenswear, menswear, and sheets. "I am a very well known designer in Japan," he boasted—then, apparently to prove the point, proudly added that his current commissions include a 900-room hotel in Tokyo and a 600-room hotel in Kobe.

Since Hicks has enjoyed such a long and distinguished career, I asked him what he thought about the current state of decorating, in general. Which proved to be a mistake: "I am really just bored with the interior design scene. I think it has become an uninteresting subject because everything has been said, everything has become sort of tired and finished." Thinking that a more

specific tack might be advised, I solicited Hicks's opinion on a diverse group of his high-profile friends and colleagues. But that, too, made for less than happy conversation. Referring to some of the best decorators in Paris, London, and New York, he said: "Ugh. Dreadful work. Not a shred of taste. A complete poseur." "He's terribly nice, but there's no guts to his work." "I have known him a long time. It won't last very long." "He's hopeless, but he's sweet and nice and funny and knowledgeable and charming and fun." "It's dreary, it's tired, it's finished, it's worn out." "She's a nice girl, hardworking; there's nothing interesting about her at all."

Hicks was even less reserved on the subject of architects. "All my interior designing career I've been fighting and grating against these idiot architects. I mean, most of them have never seen a drawing room—they just don't know how ladies and gentlemen live." Of London's two premier practitioners of high tech, Hicks said of the one, "I don't like anything he's ever done in his entire life," and of the other, "He's an absolute lunatic."

In search of safer ground I asked if Hicks thought the Prince of Wales was on the right track with his highly publicized war against Modernism. "I won't speak about him because I'm related to him—he's my wife's first cousin once removed. I think it's very good indeed that someone in such an influential position has made a strong statement about architecture. I think it's marvelous." Also marvelous, according to Hicks, is the Classical architecture of Prince Charles's favorite, Quinlan Terry: "I'm a great admirer." When prodded, however, it seems that "Quinlan is too Italianate."

So what succeeds in snaring David Hicks's attention and talent these days? "I am very very interested in garden design because when I plant an avenue of trees, when I plant a formal rose garden, those things will remain for fifty or one hundred years. And then I am also building, I am actually being an architect."

Specifically, Hicks reported that he was working on a "very compact and very Classical" house for a businessman in Miami. "You wait and see what I do in Miami," he said. "That will be very fresh, very different, very strong, very original."

As we left the restaurant, I asked Hicks what his day-to-day life was like. He reported that on this particular Wednesday morning he had been to Savile Row to his tailor, Huntsman—"He's the best, really"—and that he planned to drop by the office sometime later in the afternoon. "Sounds as if you don't spend much time there," I said. "Familiarity breeds contempt," explained David Hicks.

Charles Gandee

"I love insulting Americans"

